THE ONLY MASCULINE PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 26. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 26. WEEK ENDING MAY 1ST, 1909. ONE PENNY.

MANLY STYLE.

A WORD WITH THE MAN WHO IS GETTING AN OUTFIT.

There comes a time in the life of every man —generally somewhere between the ages of ghteen and twenty-five—when his thoughts rn to dress.

This is natural. You see the same tendency the bird and animal world, the brilliant colours oming with completed growth; but in the case the unthinking creation the matter of fashion settled for them.

With man it is different. He can garb himself in all the finery displayed in the windows the haberdasher, and all too often his taste isleads him—he becomes well-dressed in a ense, but he looks more effeminate than manly. Largely the fault is the outfitters', for they xhibit the most delicate shades of colour and is eye is attracted by them. Let him use his wn judgment instead of theirs, and let him emember from the outset that his object is not o set up as a rival to his sisters but to enhance is own appearance as a man.

To begin with the head-covering: avoid anything that makes you look like an artist or a oet. Soft tweed hats are very comfortable nd so are those of the Homburg shape, but it s not every face that is virile enough to carry hem off and they have a tendency to make you ook delicate and effeminate. Content yourself with a good bowler or a big, full-fronted cap.

Collars are another snare. The young man who is smartening himself up is apt to select omething very high. This does not improve is appearance but only makes him look ohnnyish. A medium height is the thing.

In ties, choose something bright if your fancy uns to colour, but avoid those delicate cominations of white and pale blue which look leasing on the outfitter's counter but are better dapted for girls' wear than men's.

In suits, have nothing of a delicate hue. Pale grey and green are not colours that make the verage man look more manly.

Don't let your taste be too fanciful in gloves. emon-coloured kid is unsuitable for a man's ands. Select rather those of thick doeskin or eather if you must wear gloves. Of course for ull dress—frocker or morning-coat—the pale hades are allowable, but on other occasions eep off them.

Patent leather boots, with or without fancy ops, suggest themselves as things of beauty to he man whose interest in clothes is newly roused, but they don't look very manly. You ouldn't imagine Hackenschmidt wearing footgear of this kind.

Set your fancy rather on boots of plain brown r black, not too pointed in the toes and with good wide welts to the soles.

Follow the same principles in accessories. Have a plain white handkerchief without a border, a walking-stick without too many fancy mounts, and use a strap instead of an elaborate chain to secure your watch.

L. MACEY.

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CHEEK.

A Hamburg inventor has discovered a process for converting milk into a hard, boney material. A soft, boneless material, namely chalk, is often converted into milk.

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The "Daily Mail" has offered £1,000 for a short flight on a British-made aeroplane. The Army aeroplane, we understand, is being heavily backed, as some of its flights have been the shortest on record.

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Mr. F. Grace, of the Eton Mission Boxing Club, has won the Light-Weight Amateur Boxing Championship. He gave his opponents the *coup de grâce*.

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Mr. Lloyd-George complains of our "Jumpy" patriotism. But it is the Rt. Hon. gentleman's idea of patriotism that makes us "Jumpy."

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Bournemouth Town Council has declined to allow Miss Maud Allan to appear at the Winter Gardens of that resort. Solicitude lest the lady should catch cold was, we understand, the reason of the Councillors' action.

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"Grafting," we learn, "is now being taught in the elementary schools." Is the idea to train the pupils as public guardians?

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A modern "Wandering Jew": ex-President Castro.

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According to Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P.: "Cheapness is nothing." We always thought it was elevenpence-three-farthings.

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"A man of florid complexion may have a sentimental love for black and white ties with red and yellow spots, but a combination of the tints would only serve to add to the gaiety of nations," says "Men's Wear." We think "gloom" would be a better word than "gaiety."

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According to the "Graphic," Spring for a woman "spells diaphanous delights, outdoor parties, Ranelagh in trailing skirts, Newmarket in embroideries; all the pomp and panoply of pleasure, in fact." Has the "Graphic" never heard of spring-cleaning?

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Camel's flesh is the latest dinner delicacy. Naturally, camels have got the hump over this news.

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According to the Independent Labour Party, *all* that they have asked Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., to surrender is his self-importance. But what would be left of Victor if he complied?

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A new dancer, we are told, dances on a darkened stage "in a little patch of limelight." We hope the patch is securely fastened on.

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Among Easter novelties was a "Dreadnought egg." It was not laid (down) by the Government.

NORMAN FRASER.

PLEASURE IN SPORT.

WHY SOME MEN FAIL TO FIND IT.

We have been told that we go in too much for sport. That is nonsense, written by people who have never tried sport, or who have tried and proved themselves lamentable failures.

As a matter of fact we don't go in half enough for sport of the real, genuine, refreshing variety. Our mistake lies in taking our recreations with absurd seriousness.

Why does a man go in for sport at all? I believe chiefly for the following reasons:

1. The fun of the thing.
2. For the sake of health.
3. To meet other men.
4. To freshen his mind by change of occupation.
5. Because he feels he must give vent to spare energy.

Does he always find these requirements met by his particular sport? I fear not.

Watch the average motor-cyclist. Is he really enjoying himself? He is not. At the end of the run he will tell you of the glorious time he has had, but that idea and statement are merely due to reflex nervous action; the tension is over and done with; he has covered the miles he meant to; supper and a pipe are waiting for him; and a restful and comfortable satisfaction follows.

Put the same question to him when he is held up by a puncture half way from home, and he will confess that the run preceding the puncture was only so-so. The feeling of satisfaction has not set in, because the run is not finished.

Remember that I am speaking of the *average* motor-cyclist. Why does he not enjoy himself more? Because he takes his sport too hard. He travels too fast and has to keep his mind at tension avoiding obstacles and mishap.

Look at the men round a bridge table. They are not having any fun; their minds are working at higher pressure than during business hours.

Step with me on to the links. Behold the golfers—grimly in earnest, with never a smile on their faces or a laugh on their lips. They are playing as if their fortunes depended upon it, and they are genuinely angry with themselves when they make an error.

All this is wrong, and it explains the tendency at the present time to seek recreation where there are no rules to break, no partner's temper to consider, no temptation to become too deeply engrossed.

And so the man leaves the motor-cycle for his old push-bike, on which he can get all the exercise he needs and from which he can view the goodness of the earth instead of rushing unobservant past it; he forsakes the links for the riverside, where he can fish or row at his ease; he rises from the card table to have a long walk with a friend.

And he cannot rightly blame the other things for failing to entertain or refresh him; the error lay in his method of indulgence. He allowed what was but a sport to carry him away till it became a fatiguing labour. C. WOLFF, B.A.

HINTS ON MARCHING.

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

As I once had the duty of marching a small, mixed force for a distance of roughly six hundred miles—for the most part along a sandy track, which in some places took you back two feet for every one you went forward—and as we accomplished the march at an average rate of twenty-six miles a day, with no casualties, I may perhaps claim, without tootling too loud on my own trumpet, to know something about marching.

The success of a march naturally depends greatly on the commander. Some officers will knock their men all to bits in the course of quite a short march by setting off at a great rate and going at an uneven pace, keeping them on the sunny side of the road in hot weather, bucketing them up or down steep hills, neglecting halts, and by other mistakes, while an officer who knows his business will bring his men in fit and well after a long and arduous "trek."

THE DUTIES OF THE LEADER.

As a leader, the first great thing to remember is that just as the pace of an army on the march is regulated by that of the slowest arm in it, so is the pace of infantry regulated by that of the slowest man among them.

Of course, this is within reason. If you have a man who can't do more than a mile an hour it would be absurd to condemn the whole force to that snail's pace, and he must be dropped. What is a fair pace to set depends on the length and nature of the march. On a short, forced march five miles an hour would not be excessive, but for ordinary purposes two and three-quarters, or at the outside three miles an hour, excluding halts, is sufficient, and the commander should see that the leading files set and maintain this gait as evenly as possible.

Nothing knocks men up more than an uneven pace, though you should begin slower than you mean to go on.

HOW TO SAVE THE MEN.

The first halt should be half-an-hour after the start, with hourly halts thereafter.

By avoiding sun and rough bits of road, easing his men up and down hill, seeing that there is plenty of room between files, and paying attention to little points of that kind and to those already mentioned, a leader can greatly save his men, and get far more marching out of them than would otherwise be possible.

Further, he should by example and precept do all in his power to dissuade his men from drinking while on the march, but that brings us to the men.

Tommy Atkins has little choice in his boots, which with their stiff, thick soles are not well-adapted to marching. The Territorial, however, has more latitude in the matter of his footwear, and you should go in for boots with only moderately thick soles, which should be pliable.

Boots cannot fit too well, and it is important to remember that a boot that is too large will knock your feet to bits just as quickly as one that pinches. Socks should be woollen and well fitting. Seamless ones are by far the best.

Puttees are now generally worn and there is nothing like them for comfort in marching, as they support the leg, keep out the wet, and above all prevent sand, mud, or grit from getting into your boots.

There is an art in putting on puttees, which it is not easy to explain in words, but the great thing is to get the first turns round and just above the ankle as tight as possible. Novices get the lower folds loose, the higher ones tight, with the result that the puttee works up and down, letting in sand and wet, while the tight upper folds unnecessarily and even dangerously constrict the muscles and veins of the calf and make the leg tired.

In one of Kipling's stories Private Mulvaney speaks highly of the virtues of soaping the toes and heels of your socks before a march, and the advice, like most that comes from that quarter, is sound.

KEEPING THE FEET FIT.

Instead of soap you may use French chalk, vaseline, though that has a tendency to make the feet soft, or practically any greasy substance.

After a march you should always change your socks, and your boots too if possible, and wash your feet, whether they need it or not, while the toe nails should be kept short.

A little ammonia in the water not only quickly restores tired feet, but keeps them in good condition.

I have spoken of drinking on the march, and there is no greater folly than this. Tommy is a great offender in this respect. He will rush to any wayside pool or stream and drink regardless of the state of the water. There is not only the danger of poisoning, but drinking on the march makes it long odds against your being able to keep it up.

Of course, if you are going to be on the march all day you cannot go without liquid, but in that case there is sure to be a halt for dinner, and you should hang out for that.

DON'T DRINK ON THE MARCH.

If you must have a drink, cold tea is infinitely better and more refreshing than water. Alcohol in any shape or form is absolute poison when marching, except in case of collapse.

A pebble in the mouth is excellent for keeping off thirst, but there is the danger of swallowing it through some sudden slip or jolt.

As a matter of fact men drink on the march more from habit or fancied thirst than from necessity. You can easily accustom yourself, as I did, to going three or four hours at a stretch without touching liquid, and ability to do so will make all the difference to your marching powers.

HENRY DALZIEL.

HIS MAJESTY'S BOOTS.

Exactly what the King pays for his boots is not known, but as the workman who stitches them gets fifteen shillings for his labour, the price must be heavy.

His size is 8¼, and his bootmaker has a number of lasts modelled exactly to the shape of the King's foot. When his Majesty wants a new pair of boots, therefore, he simply sends a note of his requirements; there is no need for measuring or fitting.

He prefers patent and blacking leather to box-calf or glacé kid, the last named of which he considers too effeminate looking. For shooting boots he prefers brown Russian calf, because they keep their light colour.

He has an enormous number of boots, one pair being kept for every uniform. But for walking and ordinary wear he generally sticks to one or two pairs which have become comfortable with use. As soon as there is the slightest sign of wear, however, they are given away, as repairing is out of the question.

ETIQUETTE.

VIII. RIDING, DRIVING, CYCLING, ETC.

Etiquette in sport or exercise concerns itself mostly with your behaviour to ladies.

There is sporting etiquette between men, as for example that which forbids shooting, riding, or fishing "jealous," but that is more a matter of sportsmanship than strict etiquette.

Where, however, the ladies come in, there are certain definite rules to be observed.

When riding with a lady you should keep on her right hand, and you must always be ready to give her a "lead" whenever any danger, difficulty, or obstacle presents itself. Thus in the hunting field you should be prepared to give a lady a lead over a stiff fence, but ask her permission first, as some ladies strongly object to being shown the way by a mere man.

Then if riding along a road, be careful to keep well between her and anything, such as a traction engine or a golfer in a check suit, that may frighten her horse.

It is your privilege to assist a lady to mount, and many men make a sad bungle of this, sometimes using such force as to shoot the unfortunate equestrienne right over her horse, or else making such a feeble effort that she comes down again.

Stand facing her at the horse's shoulder, and stooping place your hand, palm upwards, so that she can easily put her left foot on it; then when she springs lift with discretion, place her left foot in the stirrup and arrange her habit.

If when riding you meet a lady friend walking, you must dismount should she wish to speak to you.

As regards driving, there is really nothing to be said if you are the whip, except that you will be especially careful of your fair charge and avoid showing off or doing any fancy tricks likely to alarm her. You should take your seat and have the horse well in hand before she mounts.

If you are being driven in a carriage or cab with a lady, assist her to enter first, placing her facing the horses, and then take your seat opposite her, unless she especially invites you to sit beside her.

When cycling with a lady, you keep on her right when riding abreast, and see to it that she has the easiest part of the road to travel on.

If one must go ahead you should as a rule let her lead, so as to save her your dust, but, as in horse riding, you should be ready to go to the front when any difficulty arises, and if riding in the dark you should certainly keep a little in advance.

Use your bell with discretion; to ring it suddenly and violently just as you come up to some old lady or gentleman crossing the road is cad-dish in the extreme, and may end in your being indicted for manslaughter.

In regard to games, you should of course give the ladies every advantage you can, and you should forbear from showing off. It is your privilege to render them small services in the way of gathering tennis balls, teeing the ball for them at golf (if you are without caddies) and so on.

If playing tennis with a lady, let her have her fair share of the game. Women don't like poaching any more than men.

In view of the prowess of the modern athletic girl, don't take your superior skill for granted. I once rashly volunteered to give a damsel a stroke a hole at golf, an offer which she quietly accepted. She, of course, took the "honour," and drove off 120 yards as straight as a die. My effort trickled into a furze bush about five yards away, and I never won a single hole.

As a rule, the truest politeness you can show a modern girl in games is to do your best.

There are, of course, occasions when you will see to it that your lady adversary wins—as, for example, when she happens to be your best girl; but if you are wise you won't let her see that you are playing down to her.

E. H. HILL.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By LAWRENCE SPARKES.

"I cannot believe it," Fred Gleeman muttered. "What does he say—again?"

He took up the letter a second time and read the following passage slowly and aloud:

"Yes, I was ever a rolling stone, but by the time you receive this I shall have finished all my rolling—by rolling into my last resting-place, here in this outlandish quarter of the globe. So I am bequeathing you, my dear nephew, all that I possess, all that my Arab thieves of servants have left me, and that is the wonderful elixir I told you of in the early part of this letter.

"I obtained the recipe from an old hermit in the sandy desert of Akhaf. I found him nearly done to death by robbers, and he implored me to ride to the nearest village for the drugs. When I got back he was dead, but he had left in writing for me the second recipe, which is what you might call the antidote to the first specific. After using the elixir it is frequently necessary to use the antidote, for the former has the curious, and not altogether desirable, property of producing in whomsoever drinks it, not only greater strength and better health, but also the characteristics or nature of whatever he is thinking of at the time."

With mingled feelings of amusement, incredulity and curiosity, Fred Gleeman read through the ingredients of the wonderful specific. All were simple drugs or herbs that he could procure at any chemist's, and all were perfectly harmless.

"Well, there would be no harm in trying it on the dog," he mused; and nothing would satisfy him but to race off there and then and get the ingredients.

Returning, with each of them bought in the proper proportions, he proceeded first to mix the powders as per instructions and then to stir in the liquids and dissolve the lot.

As he held up the phial into which he finally poured the solution he was struck with amazement. The liquid was of a bright golden hue and seemed composed of living particles or tiny animalcules, which kept dancing up and down like a cloud of gnats.

He put the phial down, feeling a strange thrill of superstitious awe.

He glanced towards the unsuspecting fox terrier lying curled up in front of the fire.

"Gyp!" he called. Gyp came.

He poured a teaspoonful of the elixir into his saucer and placed it before the dog. That sagacious animal smelt it suspiciously, but gained confidence and lapped it up with avidity.

"Now for the effects," said Gleeman.

The words were barely out of his mouth when he saw Gyp make a wild dash for the window. There was a terrific crash of glass. The dog had taken a clean header through it at a neighbour's cat that was sitting quietly washing its face on the sill outside.

Pandemonium raged for two or three minutes in the yard without, what time Gleeman hurriedly unfastened and flung up the window and scrambled out to try and separate the combatants. But he was too late.

Poor innocent pussy had fallen a victim to the invigorating powers of the elixir, and her canine murderer, to escape the well-directed blows of the yard-broom in Gleeman's hands, scrambled like a cat, spitting also in true feline fashion, up the eight-foot wall to the top, and—his master's amazement.

The top of the wall gained, Gyp ran along it with his back arched and his stump of a tail erect, still spitting furiously; then he disappeared down the other side.

Gleeman fell back in astonishment.

"Great Scott! the brute has developed the characteristics of the cat," he gasped. "I must run round and see old Curorkil about this wonderful specific before he goes on his rounds."

He caught his friend, the doctor, just on the point of driving off to visit his patients.

"I won't keep you more than a minute, Curorkil," he said. "I have here a wonderful elixir for restoring one's health and strength, sent me by my uncle who has just died out in Arabia. Believe me, it's truly remarkable the effect it has. See, here are the ingredients. They are all quite harmless. I've tried it on the dog."

Dr. Curorkil read the recipe, and then stared at the phial, fascinated.

"Well," he said, "I'm not feeling quite the thing this morning. I've a good mind to try your elixir, Gleeman. Yes, I will. The ingredients seem harmless enough. One of my horses, too, is ill. I am only able to take one out, you see, this morning. I'll try the stuff on him if it has any good effect on me."

He uncorked the phial and drank off about the prescribed teaspoonful, smacking his lips delightedly after it.

"A most pleasant taste!" And he whinnied like a horse and began to paw the linoleum with one foot, while his left ear flapped.

Gleeman recoiled.

"Well, Gleeman," said the doctor, stopping his prancing for a moment, "I feel better already. But I must be off now. Ta-ta, old man! I believe you've got a fortune in that elixir. But—but, Jerusalem! what's the matter with me? I feel like a skittish colt."

Tossing up his head and positively neighing, he pranced down the steps towards his carriage. His coachman nearly fell off the box at sight of him lifting his knees to his chin as he walked like a high-stepping thoroughbred.

"By Jingo, there's something in the stuff," said Gleeman, as he hurried back to his diggings, "and I believe I can make my fortune with it! I suppose the symptoms that Curorkil and Gyp displayed wear off after a time. Anyway, I can advise all my customers to think, when taking the stuff, of someone they would like to resemble."

Just as he was about half way home he was seized with most violent toothache, and when he reached the door he was nearly mad with the pain.

"I want bracing up. It's the nerves out of gear," he told himself. "I'll take some of the elixir the moment I get in. That ought to cure me."

He rushed through into the kitchen to get a teaspoon and glass. Mrs. Burnitall, his landlady, was making porridge for another lodger's breakfast. Gleeman was fond of porridge.

He told his landlady he had the toothache, asked her for the spoon and glass, and took a dose of the elixir.

Hey presto! His toothache was gone instanter, but he immediately fell flop on the floor and his body felt singularly soft and flabby.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he howled in ghastly horror. "I feel just like a plateful of porridge. Oh, why ever did I let my mind run on porridge when I was taking the stuff?"

He made ineffectual efforts to rise. When he succeeded in dragging himself to his knees by means of the table-legs, he immediately slithered helplessly flat on the floor again.

Mrs. Burnitall shrieked and fell fainting into an armchair. Her daughter came rushing down.

"Run, Miss Burnitall," wailed Gleeman, "and get me the little bottle you'll find on the mantelpiece in my room."

In wild dismay the young lady fetched the antidote to the elixir, and Gleeman thanked his blessed stars that he had made it up before going round to see Curorkil. Feeling for ever disgraced in the eyes of Miss Burnitall, who clearly regarded him as helplessly intoxicated, Gleeman gulped down some of the "as-you-were" stuff, while the young lady tried to revive her mother.

The instant Gleeman had swallowed the dose his jaw was racked with the toothache again, but he was able to get upon his feet without any trouble and his flesh lost its flabbiness.

That afternoon he sent an advertisement of his wonderful elixir to an agent to put in all the papers.

Within a day or two orders for the wonderful specific, each accompanied by a postal order for half-a-crown, began to pour in upon the delighted Gleeman. During the ensuing week he was kept busy making gallons of the elixir and bottling it. He could hardly keep pace with the orders he received.

"I shall have to engage an assistant," he was reflecting an evening or two later, after a particularly hard day's work at the elixir-preparing, when the door bell rang violently.

"Whoever's this?" he asked himself in some indignation, as the bell-ringing, the banging of the knocker and thundering on the street door continued.

He soon knew.

"Where's that fellow Gleeman who sells this 'Elixir of Life'?" demanded half-a-dozen voices in tones plainly audible to the owner of the name behind his closed door at the top of the stairs.

He guessed what was the matter, but there was no escape. He would have broken a leg if he had tried to drop from the window, for there was an area below. Ah! He had yet a card to play—the antidote.

He rushed to the cupboard and got out his largest bottle of this just as the room door flew open and in poured a dozen exasperated men and women.

"Here, you scoundrel!" thundered the foremost, a big, hulking giant with a voice like an earthquake and a fist like a leg of mutton. "This elixir of yours makes me keep jumping up and kicking out my legs and wanting to take hold of an imaginary clothes' line and dangle from it. My wife was hanging out the washing when I took your elixir, and ever since I've felt like a wet blanket or a bally pair of underpants trying to kick myself dry on a line in a high wind. What are you going to do about it? You had better find some way sharp of curing me, or I'll—I'll spifflicate you!"

"Make him drink a whole bottleful of the stuff himself, that's the way to punish him," cried another of the band, a thin, weedy young man. "You said to think of someone I liked, and I thought of my best girl, who is a telephone operator; and ever since my ears have been tingling and buzzing, and now and then I call out even in the street 'Are you there? What number, please?'"

Let us draw a veil over the harrowing scene, as the serial writers are fond of saying. Gleeman managed to pacify his wrathful visitors by returning to each the half-crown paid for the elixir, and likewise giving each a dose of the antidote.

None of the party, however, would drink the antidote until he himself had taken it, and a quarter of an hour had elapsed without any peculiar effects showing themselves in him.

That same night Gleeman abruptly departed for a maiden aunt's somewhere in the country, from which unknown, and therefore safe, address he despatched phials of the antidote to all purchasers of the elixir with a postal order for half-a-crown.

Gleeman now hopes to make his fortune as he did before he received his Uncle Peter's letter, and that is as a chartered accountant, not as an elixir-monger.

SHOULD A MAN EMIGRATE?

WHAT THE EMIGRANT EXPECTS TO BE.

AN IMPARTIAL REVIEW OF THE PROSPECTS IN OUR COLONIES.

Information in regard to prospects in the Colonies may be obtained for the asking at most public libraries, but you must take with a big pinch of salt these official statements made in pamphlets. Remember that the governments of the colonies concerned are spending money to secure an addition to their population, and consequently the men paid to write these booklets are required to give the most glowing side of the picture.

The statement, for instance, will be made that a farm labourer is assured of board and lodging and £2 a week, but the emigrant discovers that, though this may be the wage of some, the average wage in the particular place to which he has been lured is only £1; and a sovereign in the Colonies has not the purchasing power of ten shillings in this country.

That is not the worst. Complaints are constantly appearing in the daily Press from emigrants who state that they were practically guaranteed employment and on arrival could find none; moreover in many instances the food on the emigrant ships is unspeakably bad. Worse than all, the new arrival generally finds that he is looked upon as a most unwelcome visitor by the Colonials.

THE OUT-OF-WORK PROBLEM.

In every colony—with the exception of certain parts of Canada—there is an unemployment problem similar to that which we have here, and the out-of-work Colonial naturally asks why outsiders should be dumped in the country where he himself can find nothing to do.

Such being the conditions of life in Britain over-seas, why should the Colonial governments be so anxious to induce fresh comers to their shores?

In some cases a department has been established for the dissemination of alleged facts concerning the advantages of the Colony, and the officials who have obtained comfortable billets in connection with these departments must justify their existence by keeping up the boom long after it has ceased to be useful; in others it has been proved that capitalists have succeeded in persuading their government to advertise that there is a huge demand for skilled men of one particular trade, and on the British mechanic's arrival he has learned to his disgust that there is no real demand except for strike-breakers.

EXAGGERATED PROSPECTS.

I bring forward these facts without animus, simply to show the intending emigrant that official statements are not always reliable.

In the matter of fares you have, of course, a definite contract, for if a government advertises that it will carry you to a certain place for £5 it is bound to do so, but the question of prospects is too elastic to be considered legally binding, the government concerned always having the excuse that certain others have succeeded, and that if you have not it must be due to lack of initiative on your part. Accept therefore the facts in regard to travelling, but beware of the other official assertions.

Professional men have scarcely any prospects at all in the Colonies; Australia, for instance, has her own excellent colleges which turn out more doctors, lawyers and teachers than can find employment.

Mechanics are not wanted in spite of what the various governments allege; in years to come there may possibly be a market for British skilled labour, but at the present time the Colonial artizan is quite capable of doing all there is to do.

WHAT HE TOO OFTEN BECOMES.

Shop assistants, clerks and general handy-men are a drug on every Colonial labour market. Any educated man can write, almost anyone can serve in a shop, absolutely everyone can profess to be handy, and so these branches of labour, already well filled by the Colonials, are absolutely swamped by new arrivals who have failed in other branches of endeavour.

The only man who has a really good chance of success in the Colonies at the present time is the experienced farm labourer.

AMATEUR AGRICULTURISTS.

Men who have failed here as carpenters or masons, rush to the Colonies and invest their little capital in the purchase of land and implements. Their failure is inevitable, just as it would be if the same type of men started farming in Britain.

If farming in the Colonies appeals to any man who knows nothing of the business, let him prepare himself by going for six months as a labourer on an English farm. If he survives the ordeal, he will have gained valuable experience; if the work sickens him, it is better he should learn his lesson here and now than abroad and after he has invested his money in a project hopeless so far as he is concerned.

Life is hard enough in the Colonies for a single man who can live on a minimum wage; to the man who has others dependent upon him it is in most cases a ghastly nightmare. If a married man is determined to emigrate, let him leave his wife and family in this country for at least a year; if he can afford to send for them at the end of that time, well and good.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF MONEY.

Beware of being misled by the apparently high salary offered in any particular appointment. £6 a week may seem a gigantic income to the man making £2 a week, but when you learn that in Johannesburg and Winnipeg the purchasing power of £3 is exactly the same as the purchasing power of £1 in Britain you will see that your remuneration is practically the same.

For example, out there you have to pay threepence for a penny pencil, three times the price for clothes, boots, newspapers and everything else except some kinds of food. Mutton, for example, may be had cheaper in Australia than here, but you cannot live on mutton alone.

Let the emigrant beware of difficulties that face him even before he has set foot on the ship. The rush of emigrants has bred a new form of fraud, and one of the cruellest description.

The common trick is for the swindler to advertise that he requires managers of farms, overseers and so forth. You write stating your inexperience, but in spite of that he assures you that you are the very man he is looking for. He generally has some Colonial experience, and his letters show that local colour which is so convincing.

Consequently you enter into a contract with him unsuspectingly, and you do not even detect the fly in the ointment when you receive a request from him for £10 with the assurance that he can buy your ticket cheaper than you could possibly do yourself. With the passing over of the £10 your knowledge of him ends.

Let the emigrant take it for a fact that none genuinely advertising a situation abroad would ask for money on any pretext.

The outlook I have taken is a black one, but the subject itself is pretty sable. It is better that I should dash the hopes of the emigrant now than that he should learn the truth by bitter experience after the wasting of his capital and the most valuable years of his working life.

My object has been to keep off the inexperienced and the unsuitable, but I admit that there are still excellent opportunities in most of the Colonies for the exceptional man.

The trouble is that everyone considers himself exceptional.

NO USE FOR LOAFERS.

The man who will do well abroad is the man who has done well here. In spite of what writers of fiction and songs tell us of the glorious regeneration of emigrated wastrels, the fact remains that the loafer here remains a loafer in the Colonies.

Let us glance at the various Colonies separately.

Canada is the one which is being most boomed at the present moment, and possibly it is the least desirable. Free farms and cheap land can be obtained in various parts of the Dominion, but the rent is not the only thing; capital is needed for the purchase of stock and the hiring of assistance, and in many cases it is extremely difficult to get the produce to market. The lot of the man who goes there as a labourer is not usually a happy one, the hours on the average farm being from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. and the wage being only enough to live on.

It is absolutely hopeless for the mechanic to go to Canada for work.

Natal also has openings for none but agriculturists, and its inducements are not very great except to those who suffer from chest complaints, for the uplands of Natal are practically unrivalled in the cure of consumption.

FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony are at the present moment absolutely hopeless for the emigrant.

Australia has many attractions for the competent farmer or market-gardener. Men of these trades have the benefit of a £6 passage to Sydney, and, though there is no free land in New South Wales, it can be purchased on easy terms from £2 an acre and upwards.

But the most attractive of all our Colonies appears at the present time to be Western Australia. Here the government is running two experimental farms, at which they are willing to train any man over sixteen years of age at the nominal cost of two guineas a year, provided he has £80 capital.

He can purchase 160 acres of land for £1 an acre, provided the ground is fenced and cultivated within a reasonable time. He can add to this farm up to 1,000 acres at 10s. an acre, paid at the rate of 6d. an acre a year over a period of twenty years. Western Australia has also arranged assisted passages so that a man with a capital of £100 and a knowledge of farming can get there for £7.

WHAT NEW ZEALAND OFFERS.

New Zealand, the climate of which most closely resembles our own, is granting assisted passages to farmers and farm labourers provided they have not less than £25 capital. There are no free grants of land in New Zealand, but ground can be purchased freehold at about £2 an acre. There is absolutely no opening for mechanics.

Tasmania has no opening at all.

At the present time there are countries outside the British flag which have been less exploited than our own Colonies and where the demand for labour is greater.

In the Argentine, for example, a healthy out-door life with good wages can be got on most of the ranches, many of them under British ownership; but here, as everywhere else, the emigrant must be a man who is willing to rough it and take his chance by going out first and looking for a job afterwards.

G. HENDERSON.

I SAW YOU.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF THE PHRASE.

If there be one phrase more than another that dear to the tongue of a certain type of person is: "I saw you."

He adds the name of the place where he eges he beheld you, and the remark is accom- nied by a self-satisfied expression, indicating at he believes he did rather a smart thing. "I saw you going down the Strand last night; u didn't see me." Such is generally the gist of s statement, and he plumes himself upon it. Why?

He would find it rather difficult to give you reason, but it is probably because he feels that, seeing you when you did not think he did so, rather puts you out of face. His pleasure using the phrase is due to the fact that he nly believes you would rather that he had not en you. There can be no other explanation of s satisfaction.

When you come to look at the matter philo- phically, it is difficult to understand why he ould not have seen you provided you were ssing him and his eyes were turned in your rection.

Viewed as a mere statement, his assertion has more force than "I put my boots on this orning." The seeing of you demanded no par- ular strain upon his visual powers; neither d it postulate any special cleverness on his part, r presumably you were not disguised, but were that time, as at all others, your true and tural self.

You are pretty safe in cutting, out of hand, a an who says: "I saw you." He is one of ose uncomfortable acquaintances whom you ght to take out and lose.

To cherish his friendship will cost you too uch. All friendship costs something. In going t with a friend you spend more money than u otherwise would, and in any case he makes any claims upon your time; but this you do t grudge, for friendship is above rubies and e time and the money expended upon the cul- vation of true friendship is one of the best in- stments that it is possible for a man to make.

On the type of friend who says: "I saw you," wever, you are wasting your money and your ne without receiving any due return.

He is a man of the viperish sort, who lies in ait to sting you.

And nobody, bar a fool, wants to be stung vice.

The "I saw you" man is always looking about r a victim. He has so much venom in him at he must keep stinging.

There is something the matter with his mind, r he finds in the giving of pain an unholy easure. He even nurses your friendship in der that you may smart the more at his marks.

He is a rotter. Drop him like a hot coal.

In his favourite phrase, "I saw you," there is ways a suggestion that you were where you ght not to have been, or that you were doing mething which you ought not to do, a sugges- n which, of course, is absolutely unjustifiable. If you were transgressing—and of course you re not—it would be the duty of a friend to ep his eyes shut.

He implies also his superiority as a sort of dge. He even assumes the quality of omni- ence, and endeavours to give you the impres- on that there is nothing you can do that capes his notice.

He is one part prig and three parts ass.

There are certain things by which you may ad a man's character. There are certain nger signals.

If you have the phrase, "I saw you," levelled you, think not of the manner of your going t go. Never mind whether you insult him— it gives you any satisfaction, insult him by all ans—never mind whether he considers you e discourteous; just leave him; cut him; have ne with him.

He is a man of no account.

KENNETH BARKER.

STILL RUNNING, PERHAPS.

Scratchley was the village barber, a mild, obliging little man withal.

The village had arranged to play another village that afternoon at cricket, but one of the home team had fallen ill.

The nature of his malady and the cause thereof—whether it was due to the consumption of patent breakfast foods or of beef extract with valuable vegetable elements added—these things are not recorded in history, so we say nothing about them, for we pride ourselves on the absolute accuracy of these veracious narratives.

Somebody asked Scratchley if he would mind playing in the sick man's place, and Scatchley was too polite to refuse; he had never handled a bat in his life, but what signified that?

Scratchley was the last man to go in, and all the eyes of the village were upon him, for the home team wanted but two runs to win.

The bowler sent down a fast one, and Scratchley closed his eyes firmly and waited.

Wonderful to relate, the ball hit the edge of his bat and glanced off towards the boundary.

Scratchley was dazed; he had counted on being bowled, and, as he hadn't been, he didn't quite know what to do.

"Run!" yelled the crowd. "Run!"

What had he done?

Terror was depicted on every feature of Scratchley's homely face!

Flinging aside his bat, he bolted for the palings, scrambled over them and disappeared from view.

RENAMED.

Joe Steggles was a trainer of race-horses, and he hated motors and bicycles and every other form of locomotion that had been invented by man.

Which was the proper attitude to take—from Joe's point of view.

Now, besides this cherished prejudice, Joe had another possession which sometimes came in handy.

It was the knowledge that his wife's brother was a man of means, and generous withal.

Sometimes too generous.

For instance, he presented Billy Steggles, Joe's five-year-old and counterpart, with a bicycle. Tact would have suggested something else, but alas Billy's uncle had not much of this though his fortune had been made by the manufacture of tin tacks.

The bicycle was unpacked and placed in the passage, and the next time Joe came along he cut one of his box cloth gaiters and barked a shin on the projecting pedal.

He was vexed about it.

In the evening Billy's uncle called to receive Billy's thanks.

"It's a very nice thing," said Billy.

"Don't call it a thing," said his uncle. "Don't you know its name?"

"Not its real name," replied the little boy. "I was calling it what pa called it when he fell over it, but ma said she'd spank me if I called it that again."

HAPPY NIGHTS.

I. AFTER CLOSING TIME.

It was only a couple of minutes from eleven o'clock when I called at the village inn for a glass of refreshment, and there I met "Punch" Hopkins. Punch is one of those chaps who is always up to anything.

On this particular evening when the landlord, in accordance with the edicts of a grandmotherly legislation, suggested that he must turn us out-of-doors, I felt that I did not want to go home to bed, and so I said to Punch: "Let's walk."

We walked for a couple of miles before we troubled about the direction we were taking. Then it occurred to him that we might as well go up to his father's house, for there lay a barrel of excellent cider, brewed in the parish.

Over a ploughed field we went, and across another of grass, so thickly studded with dew that my feet were cold before I reached the border of his paternal estate.

Everyone was abed, and it being neither our intention nor our policy to rouse the household, we entered the paddock by a side gate. A dark apparition came to greet us, looming grimly between us and the sky.

"This is Jacko," said Punch.

Jacko was a donkey and he was not a student of etiquette, for he wheeled about and shot out his hoofs within a dozen inches of my face.

"I'm feeling very fit," said Punch; "watch me wrestle with Jacko."

Accordingly he grappled with the donkey, placed its forelegs across his shoulders, and commenced to sway backwards and forwards. Finally the two of them fell in a heap, and I heard a voice half smothered saying, "Get off, Jacko. We're finished now." By this I gathered that Jacko had thrown his man, but when Punch regained his feet he said: "I told you I'd throw him."

I waited in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, while Punch went to the house for a jug of cider.

It was one o'clock in the morning when my latchkey made itself useful, but the little expedition was, to my thinking, more refreshing than the couple of hours' sleep that I had lost.

M. BRUCE.

THINGS SEEN.

VII. DEPARTED GLORIES.

I was riding on a 'bus one Saturday afternoon —when London is deserted, quiet and strange, with something almost of the sanctity of a cathedral about her—and I happened to observe a large building, handsome, but with windows uncleaned. Through one of these windows I observed a desk with an electric light shade, minus the lamp, lying on top of it.

It was that electric shade that brought home to me a sense of desolation and of departed glory.

The building had been tenanted by an advertising firm of bankers; they had swamped the country with their literature and had even issued a daily paper to encourage investors.

And then, with that suddenness with which business catastrophes are wont to arrive, there came the crash.

It was rather sad to watch the development, which was quite upon the usual lines. The creditors decided that the concern should be closed down and that what there was in the way of furniture should be set against their losses.

I knew the extent of the collapse; I could picture the feelings, possibly the misery, of some of the shareholders; I could put myself in the shoes of the man whose mind had conceived the idea and built up the business. Here was ruin.

But the extent of it and the tragedy never came down upon me till I saw that inverted electric shade lying on the top of a dusty desk. The building that once swarmed with clerks was now deserted, the brass plates upon the massive iron gateway were tarnished and uncared for. There was nothing left but desolation—and the shade of the electric lamp. G. BULCRAIG.

Our Readers' Page.

WATCHING SPORTS.

At the present time the British public seems to find its greatest delight in watching other people play some game or other.

The tendency has been compared to the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome; but there is some difference between watching two men kill each other and watching a game of football, or a boat race or athletic sports. To watch a game because you have an interest in the players, if they represent your county, town or club, or because, being a keen player yourself, you wish to learn how the game should be played, is a very praiseworthy thing.

But it is the people who know the game only from the spectator's point of view that are responsible for the undoubted deterioration of our national physique.

Personally, I find it difficult to watch any game, however great my keenness on the result. If it is a game I know anything about, I want to be playing it; if it is not, there is no interest in watching a lot of meaningless evolutions.

A TEA-SHOP HINT.

Many of the proprietors of tea-shops in London and elsewhere are making a most laudable attempt to do away with the tipping nuisance, but unfortunately their patrons do not always back up their efforts.

You may often see people putting a penny or twopence under their plates before leaving, and I cannot help thinking that they are not quite aware of what they are doing.

The waitress is bound by the regulations to place all such tips in the box labelled "Depôt Fund," which is usually to be found near the pay-desk.

If she is seen taking any of these coppers herself, though they were willingly given, and intended for her, she gets the sack at once.

The pay that these girls get is not so great that they can easily resist the temptation to keep even a few coppers, and therefore in spite of your good intentions, you are involving the risk of her dismissal perhaps for a single penny, besides spoiling the market for others who cannot afford this form of food tax.

A BOOTLACE TIP.

There are few men who have not their own particular fads in the matter of lacing up a boot, but here is one which, at least in the case of boots with "flap" fronts, is most useful, in that it does away with the necessity for tying a knot at all.

Cut the tag off one end of the lace and tie a knot in its place. Pass the other end through the bottom eyelet hole on one side of the boot, and then across to the opposite side, and so on until you have laced the boot up as far as the hooks and have a single end of the lace left loose, passing up inside the boot and hanging out at the top.

Now pull up the loop between the two top holes, and take one side of it up the hooks from side to side, and then down again, until all the hooks are laced up cross-wise.

Then pull the loose end tight, tuck the spare lace away out of sight, and the boot is laced up tight enough to stand any but the hardest wear, without a knot being tied at all.

Leave a good length of lace to tuck inside the boot, as if the end is cut off short the lace will soon work loose.

THE USE OF THE ROAD.

The advent of motors has brought the question of the rights of the highway very much to the fore, and at present we have unfortunately several different classes of users whose interests are entirely opposed.

The motorist and cyclist would like the roadway cleared of all slow moving traffic, and paved with hard iron-wood or asphalte, on which a horse can hardly keep its feet, the rider or driver of horses detests the usurping motor, and sighs for macadam, and the pedestrian sympathises.

But the worst infringement of the rights of other users of the highway is the electric tram.

The tram cannot get out of your way, and the driver intimates by the peremptory clanging of his bell that he expects you to get out of his way, and pretty quickly too.

I was recently accompanying a certain Territorial corps on a long trek by road which took us through several suburbs of London.

The weather was dry, but the hard wood pavements, on which there could be no vestige of dust, had been carefully and copiously watered, and more than one of our men fell with his horse on top of him simply because the authorities had made the road so slippery that the poor brute could not stand.

A little farther out the tram lines began. On these again the horses slipped and stumbled, for the lines extended across more than half of the road.

The trams themselves were painted bright vermilion, picked out with white and gold which glistened in the sun, and it was small wonder that our horses took fright every time one of these fearsome objects passed, and we were seldom out of sight of one.

Trams are a most convenient form of locomotion, but I do maintain that they should have a special track, or be restricted to one side of the road instead of the middle. And surely their colour might be more sombre.

Also I should like to know what the legal rights of the tram-driver are as against other users of the road.

SWEAT ON HATBANDS.

It is not a sign of weakness to sweat copiously, though such is often alleged to be the case. The man who takes hard exercise ought to sweat, if his skin is in healthy condition.

But sweat can be very much out of place, and when you find the marks of it on the leather band inside your bowler, you would rather that you did not sweat so much.

It is possible to remove these marks by turning the band out, placing the hat in a basin and filling in just enough cold water to cover the band and nothing more. In less than half-an-hour the sweat will have dissolved in the water and the marks will largely have disappeared. It it impossible, however, to remove them absolutely, and the man who sweats a lot, should, in buying a hat, select one, the band of which is dark brown instead of the usual tan. This is a matter which is worth attention, because you do not like to have your hat identified in the office or the athletic club because it is the one with the sweatiest band.

SOMETHING OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

Send us a paragraph about something a man is interested in, something you are interested in yourself.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. J. G. Walker, 25, Mount Street, Aberdeen, for "A Hint to Cyclists."

A HINT TO CYCLISTS.

Cyclists are often placed in very awkward positions, not only when their two-wheeled steed with a side slip lays them—may I say gently in the gutter?—but also when they have not the wherewithal to do a little repair on their own account.

Suppose by mistake your repair outfit has been left at home, and you are stranded with a puncture on a lonely country road with no cycle dealer's or repairer's shop handy.

What is to be done?

Well, the following is one way out of the difficulty. Having unhitched the tyre, got out the tube, and located the puncture, take a piece of twine, or failing this a strip off your handkerchief. Then double up the tube at the punctured part, and tie the piece of twine or handkerchief firmly round the said doubled part, and replace the tube as usual.

In this improvised way the air from the main part of the tube cannot escape, and the cyclist will be able to resume his journey.

Perhaps it will feel a little more bumpy than usual, but this is soon forgotten, especially when it would otherwise mean a few miles to walk to the nearest repair shop.

HARD LINES.

As I have noticed that THE MODERN MAN is a keen advocate of Territorialism, I am sure that I shall find many sympathisers among its readers.

I am an assistant in a small grocery store, and my usual hours are from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

My one ambition in life is to join a Territorial corps.

If my parents would have allowed it, I would have liked to be a soldier, but the necessity for keeping them and living at home made it impossible for me to enlist.

Failing that, however, I long for the open air life, the mixing with my fellow men, the glamour of military life, and the sense of doing something for my country, which the Territorial soldier can also have.

But how on earth am I to accomplish my object? If only they would put on some mid-night drills I would join like a shot, but as it is I cannot see a way out.

I have thought of changing my job for one in which the hours are shorter, but a new one would be hard to get in a small place like this, and as my mother is entirely dependent on me, I do not like to run any risks.

It is just a bit of hard luck, from which no doubt several of my fellow readers also suffer.

HOW TO FIX PUTTEES.

Captain Saunders has already referred to the cavalryman's method of wearing his puttees with the tape at the ankle, but there is an equally efficacious and less unsightly method which I have seen adopted by several men in uniform, and which is, of course, quite open to the man in mufti who is bound by no regulations.

Cut the tape right away from the puttees, being careful to leave no frayed ends showing, and wear in its place a neat pair of breeches straps or riding garters, or whatever you like to call them.

The effect is extremely smart. They take far less time to put on than it takes to wind and fix some yards of tape, and if the straps are tight enough, there is far less chance of the puttees working loose when riding, from friction against the saddle.

Nothing looks worse than to see a man on horseback with festoons of puttee hanging all round him, yet without some proper precautions the man on parade is very liable to this, and he cannot dismount at will to set things right.

Also if you use your puttees mainly for riding in, it is not a bad plan to cut off a foot or so at the end near the ankle, so that they only wind just up to the top of the calf. Thus you get only the breeches between your knee and the saddle and the grip is firmer.

AN INTERRUPTED WEEK-END

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By WARREN A. HAMLYN.

Arthur Hervey, having obtained special leave from his manager, left the bank shortly after midday on Friday and took the shortest and by far the pleasantest way to Victoria Station.

As he cut through the Horse Guards parade and skirted the ornamental waters of St. James's Park, he rejoiced in being alive and young. Had stern necessity not compelled, he would never have spent his days upon a stool taking note of other people's cheques and gold, but being the younger of several sons of a country parson none too well provided with means, he had been obliged to accept with apparent readiness and gratitude the offer of an old college friend of his father and fill a vacancy in the office of the British Bank.

He had accepted an invitation to spend the week-end with some old family friends, who had made a perfect rural paradise on the edge of the thickly-wooded forest country that bounds the county of Sussex on the north. His few belongings had been sent on in advance the previous evening, and now he was in haste to reach the house of his friends, where he knew an ideal open air week-end awaited him.

Hastening down the platform he was lucky enough to find an empty carriage, of which he at once took possession, and silently hoped that no other passenger would want to share it with him.

The long moments of suspense before the starting of the train had almost run out, and he was about to congratulate himself on his luck, when there hurried along the platform a long, cadaverous, yet undeniably refined-looking man, who appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation. He bore down upon the compartment and was soon settled in the far corner of the opposite seat. The train at that moment left the terminus.

The journey had hardly begun, when Hervey became conscious in a vague kind of way, that his fellow traveller was not what one could describe as normal. He seemed for ever changing his position, throwing down one paper and taking up another, but never sitting quietly for more than two minutes at a time.

Now and then the fellow muttered to himself, looked out of one window, and then leaned over to Hervey's side and stared out of the other, but showing by no sign or word that he was aware of Hervey's presence. As the train gathered speed his nervousness increased, and without exciting any suspicion Hervey carefully adjusted his position in such a way as to be able and ready to act in a moment should affairs take an unexpectedly serious turn. He was growing convinced that if his fellow traveller was not a lunatic, he was at any rate on the high road to becoming one.

Then the man stood up, his lanky form reaching almost to the roof of the carriage. Taking a worn black leather bag from the rack and untying the odd pieces of string with which it was bungled together rather than fastened, he gazed stupidly into its gaping mouth.

Putting his hand hurriedly into it, he produced a small, but nevertheless an ugly and business-like revolver, and proceeded to finger it.

Matters were certainly becoming most serious, and Hervey was rapidly considering the various courses of action open to him, when for the first time the stranger turned and spoke.

"Well, good-bye!" he exclaimed. "I'll stand it no longer," and in a moment he had placed the revolver's muzzle in his mouth.

Hervey was ready. His right foot had for some minutes been pressed against the door of the carriage so that he could rise with a spring the instant it became necessary. With the quick movements of a man to whom the art of boxing was a delight, he was "all over" the stranger in a second.

"Bang!" went the revolver, but, so quick was Hervey's attack that instead of ending the lunatic's career the bullet was diverted sufficiently, and only grazed the man's face, burying itself in the roof.

To add to the horror of the situation the train at that moment, with a wild terrifying shriek from the engine, rushed headlong into the blackness of the Balcombe tunnel. Hervey's position was now trebly perilous and difficult. He had not until this moment realised that he had entered the wrong train, for the tunnel reminded him that Three Bridges, the station at which he should have left the train, had been passed some minutes ago at fifty miles an hour.

He also realised that in the roar and rattle of the tunnel anything might happen without a sound even reaching the other occupants of the train. And all this time he was at fierce grips with a madman, whose maniacal determination to shoot himself lent extraordinary strength to his loosely knit frame.

Then suddenly, as if felled by a blow, the fellow relaxed every atom of his strength and collapsed. The momentary surprise caused Hervey to release his hold for a second or two, under the impression that the man had dropped dead, but in that brief space a second shot more surely aimed, crashed through the madman's skull, and he lay in the agony of death, his face and limbs twitching horribly.

Once again the train ran out into the sunlight.

In the crowd of conflicting emotions and half-formed plans that rushed into Hervey's mind at this moment the one that stood uppermost was a strong desire to quit the scene at once.

If he were found, at the journey's end, standing over the man's dead body, the revolver on the floor, it seemed to him that no power on earth could prove him innocent of murder. His own protestations would be regarded as a very weak defence. What should he do? He glanced out of the window. Could he jump and hide himself in the country?

In less than half an hour the train would reach Brighton and his chance of escape would be gone. In the midst of these thoughts he became conscious of the deep grinding goring sound of brakes being applied to the wheels. The train was slackening speed and the scattered houses showed that they were approaching a station.

Now was his chance! Should he take it? The signals were evidently against the train. As the compartment drew level with the platform he opened the door and stepped on to the footboard. A shout from a porter caught his ear, but he took no heed.

Fastening the door behind him he made a great bound for the platform, and the next moment found himself half stunned against a pile of luggage, and surrounded by the entire staff of the station, with the exception of the station master, who was immediately summoned.

Picking himself up as smartly as he could, and making tremendous efforts to conceal the fact that he was most seriously shaken and in considerable pain, he began to walk off, and the station hands knowing nothing of what was expected of them in such a case were allowing him to pass. To avoid awkward complications he had given up his ticket and had paid the difference between its value and the further journey from Three Bridges, and was just congratulating himself upon his easy escape from the first difficulty when a busy little man, obviously the station master, appeared upon the scene.

"Just a minute, if you please," he said, as Hervey was about to leave the station. "I must ask you to give me your name and address, and to wait here while I telegraph for instructions."

Hervey adopted a cool and indifferent attitude towards the station master. The irony of his position struck him sharply, even in the midst of his very serious difficulty. The would-be rescuer of a suicide and yet flying from an accusation of murder which could only be delayed at best for another fifteen minutes! Having supplied all the particulars demanded by the station master, and incidentally having confirmed the man's suspicions that they were false by reason of the readiness with which they had been given, Hervey began to show signs of impatience.

"Look here," he said to the man sharply in desperation, "I have given you a full description of myself, and your company will know where to find me if they want me. I can wait no longer. Moreover, I have committed no crime. To jump from a train may be foolish but there is no law against it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the official, conscious of greater knowledge, "you have contravened the bye-laws and regulations, and you have rendered yourself liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings."

It was Hervey's last chance. "That may be," he retorted, "but your bye-laws are not the law of the land. You stop me at your peril, and you'll take the consequences of any force you use to prevent me leaving. Good morning!" And he stepped towards the door of the office.

The station master, taken somewhat aback by what sounded like legal knowledge, coupled with the young man's determination, offered no resistance and said nothing. It happened, too, that at that moment the telegraph instrument began to tick and click hurriedly, and he turned to see what message might be coming through.

Hervey stepped out on the high road briskly but not hurriedly, forming, as he went, plans for the immediate future. Vaguely he knew the surrounding country, and to the north he could see the high forest-clad ridge in the midst of which lay somewhere the home of his friends. To go thither, however, was impossible. He could never run the risk of arrest for murder at the house of old and valued friends.

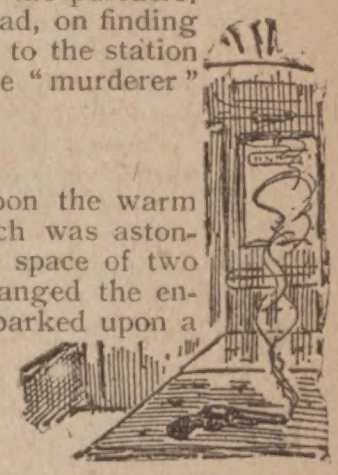
These thoughts were passing rapidly through his mind when he heard in the distance behind the sound of hurrying feet, and uplifted voices calling on him to stop.

"The news has reached them," he muttered, and he held within himself a momentary council of war. Should he return and tell them the whole story? No! for it would never be believed after his leap from the scene of the crime! There was no other course than flight.

Seeing that he did not stop, the men ceased shouting and put on all their speed. Hervey, rapidly surveying the forest before him, selected a direct cross-country line for what appeared its densest part, and flew like the wind. He did not once look back for the first three miles, but on reaching the foot of the hills he paused and earnestly scanned the valley through which he had come. There was no sign of the pursuers, and he rightly guessed that they had, on finding themselves easily outrun, returned to the station to report the direction in which the "murderer" had gone.

II.

He rested for many minutes upon the warm earth, and on looking at his watch was astonished to find that well within the space of two short hours he had practically changed the entire course of his life and had embarked upon a



stream of circumstances which might lead anywhere—even to the gallows. The horrible thought struck him suddenly as the ludicrous laugh of a woodpecker rang out from a neighbouring tree, reminding him of nothing so much as the maniac's triumphant yell as he had fired the second and fatal shot in the train.

Though his mind ran over all the possible ways of escape again and again, sub-consciously he was at the same time appreciating the calm beauty of his surroundings.

Surely, he thought, a world so perfect could not also be the scene of actions so hideous as he had seen an hour before, or of difficulties such as he was now encountering!

Night had begun to envelop the scene. The cold hill-top afforded little protection to one unused to such rough quarters, and he began to descend.

Downward he went, reaching after half-an-hour's brisk walking and jumping a level tract of ground where the stream flowed silently into a huge wood-enclosed lake. Here the undergrowth afforded a sure hiding place, and here he lay beneath the overarching ivy-clad shrubs, and made ready to pass the night.

And now another enemy overtook him. He became fiercely hungry. He dared not even light his pipe, for fear he should attract unwelcome attention. And so he lay, half dazed with fatigue, hunger, and anxiety, during the brief warm summer night. All around him the creatures of darkness were active. He heard the wild duck splash clumsily into the lake; he heard the hollow croak of a heron coming down for a night's fishing; snatches of bird song constantly woke the echoes of the wood.

He fell asleep, shifting restlessly from time to time upon his unaccustomed bed, and when he once again stood up the sun was already high in the sky and, for wild nature at least, another day was already well advanced. He was weak: he was at the mercy of a ravenous hunger, and he felt he must make straight for human habitations and seek food.

Wandering far in search of road or footpath, he at length reached the extremity of the sheltering wood and in the distance caught sight of a welcome sign-post. There was no sign of any pursuers, and he concluded that he had evaded them successfully or that they had taken a wrong direction. A hurried walk of a few miles that seemed endless brought him to the outskirts of the little town.

For the moment the desire for food was uppermost, and, dishevelled as he was, he walked into a quiet-looking bar and called for bread and cheese and a foaming tankard of ale. The sweetness of that meal none but he could ever imagine.

In the midst of his enjoyment a wave of unusual excitement passed over the people both within and without, and in the growing hum of conversation the shrill voices of boys could be heard calling the news in the early evening papers that had only then arrived. "Terrible Suicide in a Train," "Madman in the Brighton Express," "Latest news," were among the cries that caught Hervey's ear. He started up, and leaving his meal half finished, darted out into the street and then hurried back with the paper.

Prominently set out with huge black headlines was an account of what was called "The Train Suicide." Running rapidly down the account, and gathering hope at every word, he read the following:

"Among the effects found upon the deceased were two letters. One of these was addressed to his brother, and the other, indicating the condition of the unhappy man's mind, was addressed 'To the world at large,' and in both he had expressed his determination to 'leave this world and its persecuting people.'"

Hervey held to the table lest he should fall; but in a second his strength returned, and, settling with his host, he took the first train back to his home, where, on arriving, he sat down and wrote to his friends a full account—as full as was necessary—to explain his absence from the week-end enjoyments.

Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze.—HOOD.

To a certain extent, we all of us live in the past, and rightly so. A past pleasure may be glorified till it appears to the mind as having been greater than it ever was in actual fact, but nevertheless it is an asset worth the having. After all, we appreciate any pleasure through the mind, and if our imagination is strong enough to recall a pleasing memory with sufficient force to give enjoyment, then by all means let us enjoy it.

Memory, however, is not a thing that can be called into being at a moment's notice. It has to be stimulated by something material, and to nothing will it respond so quickly as to the sight of a trophy.

The sportsman who sits in his den, smoking at his ease and looking about him at the various relics of his past prowess or luck, is fighting his battles over again. He is enjoying vicariously the lust of the chase in which he once participated.

There is a touch of pathos about the trophy.

I have felt my heart grow sad as I have looked upon the relics of my own 'Varsity days. On the wall of my study I have nailed a badge of simple tartan ribbon ornamented in the centre with a bit of tinsel; it was a badge I wore in one of the hardest fought Rectorial fights at a Scotch University, and it is still smudged with the pea-flour which was our chief weapon; one part of it is torn where some opponent clutched it and tried to tear it from me.

Looking at it, I wish I were young again, but still there is a comfort in its possession.

Above my mantelpiece hang a pair (the other fellow wanted the other two) of boxing gloves. They are very light, for they were worn in an actual contest and not in a mere practice spar. One of them has a brown mark on the back of the thumb; it is a stain of blood.

These gloves, again, unlovely as they may be as ornaments, are dear to me for the sake of the recollections they bring back.

To those who are still active in the game of life, whose day is not past like my own, I would give this little bit of advice: collect as many trophies as you can.

You are young only once, but the recollections of your youth will give you pleasure to the end.

Treasure the oar you won in the boat race, prize the old running corks that you gripped when tearing across country with your club, stuff the fish you caught or the bird you shot—although stuffed fish and birds in themselves are abominably ugly. Gather about you these recallers of the past.

The days of youth and sport are merry days to look back upon, and the thought of them will console you in many of the trials that life inevitably brings with it.

Your trophies—trivial, even ugly, as they may be—send your mind prancing back to the dear old days when the world seemed young to you, when the heart was glad and the muscles tense and firm. Worthless in themselves, they are treasures above all price, for they bring back joys that were once *yours*, real joys, and such things are too scarce in this world to be neglected or forgotten.

J. C. CORNHILL.

THINGS WORTH LIVING FO

IN SPRING.

The first primrose shining in the mossy, l
strewn bank.
The sight of rooks repairing last year's ne
Green shoots of crocus piercing the fr
earth.
The year's first cycle ride.
A fight with the gale upon the hills.
The matchless blue of the hedge-sparro
egg.
A canter over green and springy turf.
"High-tea" at the farm after a three-ho
walk.
The ploughman's team turning the bro
earth.
The wild flight and wailing call of peewi
The lengthening days.
Making plans for the summer holiday.
The scent of orchards blossoming.

IN SUMMER.

The freshness of dawn.
The unbearable heat of the sun overhead.
The slow procession of the clouds across
sky.
A plunge into the foaming mill-pool.
A long draught of Hereford cider.
The hum of a million wings among
flowers.
The rolling thunder and the deluge.
Lightning playing round the distant hills
night.
The deep wood's shade.
The promise of fruitfulness.
The yellowing corn.
The muffled rattle of the mower in the h
field.
The voices of pigeons in the elms.
The rasp of the stone upon the scythe.
The warbler's notes among the reeds.
The ripple of the water beneath your b
when you stop rowing.
The "crek" of the corncrake at moonrise.
Idleness along the river's banks.
The thrush's song at nightfall.
The well-set cricket field.
Ripe gooseberries.
The droning night beetle.
Moonlight on the stream.

IN AUTUMN.

Mists and mellow fruitfulness.
The first white frosts.
Golden woodlands.
The scent of a ripe apple.
The call of the partridge in the stubbles.
The sun seen through thinning woodlands.
Jet blackberries.
Early mushroom hunting.
A frosted medlar.
The gales that strip the trees.
The first meet of the hounds.
The first shot at partridges.
Carrying the corn.
The Harvest Home.
The haze that gathers round the setting sun
Sitting round the first log fire.
The welcome visitor.
A day's rabbit shooting.
The gathering flocks of birds.

IN WINTER.

Earth's sleep.
The stripped and sturdy oaks.
The elm-tree tops against an amber sky.
The call of the fireside.
Thick boots.
The fieldfare's hurried flight.
To be in at the death.
The angry, stinging blizzard.
Gliding across the glistening ice.
A pipe by the fire.
The black heart of the woods.
The ring of the frost-bound highway.
A London fog.
The knowledge that "Christmas is coming"
A tramp through driving rain.
The rime on the branches.
Relentless frost.

T. W. GARDEN.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S BEST

THE STURDY FARMER.

When you grasp his hand and look into his weather-hardened face you know at once that he is a man in a thousand, one that England has greater need of to-day than ever before; for no man in all this realm combines in himself so much that is fine and full and free and altogether splendid as does the British farmer.

"He has his Faults! Why, he's as full of peas, but these are ... charm.

... him does one good. He ... his face the serene confidence of a ... weathered many storms success... he is conscious of the great value of his ...; he is filled with pride at the thought ... age and immemorial importance of his ... of life; it is with Nature herself that he ... his business, and, judging from his ... to his mode of life, he finds her a ... customer.

E'S ALLY.

... is he, screwing the last penny ... another's wares, but a first-hand ... work is with the wild, and whose ... depends upon his knowledge of the first ... mysteries of germination, growth and ... their ceaseless round. He is the ally

... just as the secret forces and the mysteries ... have moulded his mind, so the visible and ... oil and all that lives close to it have ... their impress on his physique, even on ... From his sun and rain spoiled cap ... his gaiters and boots alternately soak... ... hardening in the generous dews of the ... suggests the open life, the elemental ... of man with frost and gale and ...

... day begins before the townsman is far ... first sheep, and through the Spring ... knows three hours of undis... ... for the lambing time means con... ... visits to the folds. In the bleak, black ... mornings you can hear him, as you lie ... for the dawn to break and the savour ... beacon to lure you from your warm ... stamping round the barns giving an early ... to the stock and a word of command to the ... and when the farm has been thoroughly ... he will turn for a brief rest into the house.

AY'S WORK BEGINS.

... if you know his ways, you may follow ... to the store-room, a fascinating dark... ... temple of delicious rural scents, a place ... of fruits and grain and generous ale. ... him draw his first long gin of sparkling ... from a barrel hidden in the ... recesses. His sturdy back almost creaks ... hands exert again and again the mug at ... drop.

... cries summons him to breakfast. ... Lancashire of old he sits ready up for a ... working clothes upon him, and eats ... a siege.

... the wholesomeness of all before ... With his own hand he reared and killed ... cured the bacon; the bread, the butter, and ... cheese have never known the counter of a ... all were made within his own homestead. ... and coffee are to him but tasteless "wash,"

and so he pays a second visit to the dark-beamed room and drains another mug.

And so he sets out upon his day's work, though it is but eight o'clock, and for the next four hours he will work upon his acres, lending a hand with team and plough down upon the "seven acre," the richest bit of land in all his holding.

Through the strip of woodland, placed by his forefathers as a barrier between the homestead and the south-west gales, he sees the waiting team already on the ground in charge of his second man.

To and fro across the field he marches sturdily, making his straight furrows with unflagging interest, and always at the turnings uttering the strange words that only he and his team understand.

Mid-day finds him back again at home, free to choose his work or recreation.

A SPORTSMAN AT HEART.

He is too late for the meet of the hounds and can hardly count on picking them up should he mount and ride away, for he dearly loves a gallop 'cross country, and musing on the opportunities of the afternoon, he nods in his chair, and dreams of the days when the price of corn was more than double its present level, when a farmer could make a fortune.

He and his kind have a reputation for grumbling, and truly he often does speak of hard times and harder landlords, but he is not alone in this failing. Every man is apt to look upon the hardest side of his life and to wish he were following some other trade. But give the British farmer a thousand chances to change his lot and he would scornfully reject them all. There is a fascination about his life that makes an irresistible appeal.

A PEACEFUL LIFE.

The farmer can and does live as well as any man, he can enjoy a greater seclusion, a more complete security, a more peaceful life than those others can who move in crowded spheres of work. And if he thinks sometimes—as he tramps the sodden fields, and sees his cattle stricken, or loses his crops through the weather, or wrestles with other difficulties—that farming is not all beer and skittles, he must and does at the same time acknowledge that the air of the town is stifling, that city life is cruel and unnatural, and that those who elect to live within sight of the mart and the exchange give up, for doubtful advantages, all the invigorating lust of life that comes only from close contact with Nature's myriad influences.

C. EASTON-GREY.

UNKNOWN CELEBRITIES.

There is a certain amount of money value in having your name well-known, particularly if you are an actor or a writer, as the payments you receive will depend largely on your popularity. This is admitted, but it is not every man who cares to be always under the limelight.

Hence we find that many of our so-called famous people are wearing the disguise of an assumed name in public, while in private life they revert to their own names and thus pass as ordinary, uninteresting persons, with all the comfort and freedom that attaches to the man who is unknown to fame.

Thus we find that Dick Donovan, the novelist, is really Mr. J. E. Maddock; Rolf Boldrewood, the writer of "Robbery Under Arms," was Mr. T. A. Browne; Headon Hill is Mr. F. Grainger; Henry Seton Merriman was Mr. H. S. Scott.

Mr. G. A. Gibb Samson is known to his neighbours merely as an ordinary prosperous citizen and a member of the London County Council; to the world he is famous as George Alexander, the actor-manager.

Thus do celebrities reap the benefits of fame without having to accept also its many grievous burdens.

PLOTTING AS A HOBBY.

A LITERARY SPARE-TIME JOB.

I couldn't write a story though you offered me a king's ransom to do it; nevertheless I take the keenest pleasure in devising plots. When I read a book or a short story I spoil most of the pleasure it might otherwise give me by dissecting the plot, uncovering the improbabilities and remodelling the whole thing till the tale is exactly as I would have written it had fiction been my line.

My failing for analysing plots, however, brings me in between one and three pounds a week, so I have no cause to bear it a grudge.

For years I had devised plots, and I had tried to weave a story round some of them, but without getting any accepted. Then I saw the following advertisement in a paper through which one can sell or buy anything from a bull-dog to a door-mat:

"Wanted incidents for serial stories. Must be dramatic and original."

Correspondence with the advertiser revealed the fact that he was a writer of serial stories for certain halfpenny comic papers, and he wanted startling incidents, such as usually terminate the acts of a melodrama, with which to close each instalment. He was the man I wanted.

For three years now I have supplied him periodically with batches of incidents, and he pays me two shillings for every suitable one. As I send them to him in thirties and get them accepted in twenties, my reward is not so bad, though I daresay he is making a fortune out of it.

The incidents have to hang together, so that he is really getting a plot as well. But the plot is not hard to devise, as it is nearly always of the same type: a crime, a wrongful conviction, a parting of lovers, a reunion, and finally proof of the hero's innocence. How the readers stomach that nonsense beats me, but they do. As an example of an acceptable incident I may cite this one:

"Don't tell Lady Gwendoline what I have just confessed to you, says the villain. It would mean my undoing. At that moment a heavy curtain by the window was thrust aside, and Lady Gwendoline stepped forward before their astonished gaze. (To be continued in our next)."

I found I could turn out these incidents by the bushel, and saw that I must have a wider market, so I advertised what I was prepared to do.

The result was a clientèle of two more serial writers, three authors of short stories and a playwright. By advertising from time to time I have now as wide a market as I can supply.

I am not dependent on plot-making for my living; it is merely spare-time work, and as such I can recommend it confidently, for it is at once entertaining and profitable.

It is difficult to give a recipe as to the best way for devising plots. They just come to you, and I suppose the faculty must be born in one.

When I am reading the newspaper in the evening I often come across some dramatic incident in the courts, the sale-room or the football field; and I am always on the outlook for good suggestions that my acquaintances may unconsciously make.

Not infrequently I get an urgent message from an author asking for half-a-dozen plots at once. I try not to disappoint my clients, and on such occasions I do my best to turn out good plots at pressure, not a very easy thing.

My usual plan under these circumstances is to take a long walk in the evening, and to try to weave an incident round each thing I see. The gas-works loom in the distance; I can have the hero thrown into a gasometer by the villain. I cross a bridge: the villain can undermine it with an eye to the destruction of the hero's oncoming motor-car.

Yes; plot-making is pleasant as a pastime, but it would be a nightmare as a sole occupation.

BERTRAM PURCHES.

Where Men Foregather.

IX. POVERTY CORNER.

York-Road, by Waterloo Station, is commonly known as Poverty Corner.

It is there, or roundabout there, at least, that the derelicts of the theatrical and music-hall professions foregather.

You can tell them at once by their blue or stubbly chins, their half-swaggering, half-defiant air, their extraordinary attire.

God knows I am not sneering at them; I have tarried at Poverty Corner more than once, not because I wished to, but because I couldn't help myself, and once you have been down in the depths I don't think you can ever lose sympathy with the denizens. "To know all is to forgive all," and while there is much that is repellent about Poverty Corner, there is also something attractive.

But I was talking about the dress of Poverty Corner, and truly it is often weird in the extreme.

Yet I do not laugh at it. When I see a fat, blue-chinned man wearing on the hottest of hot summer days a mangy fur-coat, a deerstalker cap, ornamented with fishing flies, dirty white flannel trousers, and a pair of football boots, I do not smile—I admire him. I admire him for the *aplomb*, the magnificent hardihood with which he supports this May-Day Jack-in-the-Green costume.

He must have a man hidden in him somewhere, or he could never unblinking face the light in such a rig-out.

CHARITY.

Manhood is not perhaps the strongest characteristic of Poverty Corner, yet humanity is not lacking. Montmorency Fitzjones "taps" you unblushingly for half-a-dollar, and then strides haughtily through the swing doors to give your coin away to little Reggie Vavasour. Good old Monty! He has only just had his first drop of breakfast, but Reggie, who is a capable little chap, but was born unlucky, has a wife and a kiddie. And so with a lordly air, and a sonorous "No, thanks, me boy, no thanks! I am only sorry I left me cheque-book at home," Monty lends Reggie *your* half-a-dollar.

What brings men to Poverty Corner? Don't run away—I am not going to preach. Drink is in many cases the cause, and a perennial thirst is characteristic of Poverty Corner. But as some eminent man, whose name I forget, said the other day: "Drink may cause poverty, but poverty more often causes drink."

BORN UNLUCKY.

Rank bad luck brings many men to Poverty Corner. There is little Reggie Vavasour, whom I have mentioned. He is quite a capable actor, but he has acquired a fatal reputation as a Jonah. Engage him for a piece, and it seems that something is bound to go wrong, and therefore managers fight shy of him.

Others come to Poverty Corner because they succeeded too soon. Dazzled by an early triumph, they lost their heads, thought they need work no longer, and could take liberties with themselves and the public.

Others seem to have been predestined to failure, never to have had a fair chance. Oh, I know—"Heaven helps those who help themselves," "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door," "We are what we make ourselves," and all the rest of the copy-book maxims. But if you have ever known Poverty Corner, what it is to gaze hungrily through the window of a sausage-and-mashed shop, and not have the wherewithal to enter, to pad the hoof on the stony flags of a great city's streets, then you will know there are men whom God has foredoomed to failure—that is, so far as man can judge.

What are the characteristics of the inhabitants of Poverty Corner, indeed of all "poverty corners"? A perennial thirst, as I have mentioned, is one.

It is curious, but a fact, that at Poverty Corner a man will cadge shamelessly on you for drinks, whereas he will never ask you to stand him a meal.

Ask him to lunch or dinner and he will refuse—that is, if he suspects you of thinking he is hungry.

"Just been lunching at the Roman's, dear boy, with dear old friend of mine—used to command the 10th," and so on. But at Poverty Corner there is no shame in saying you want a drink, and can't pay for it.

An incurable optimism is another characteristic of Poverty Corner. You do meet the absolutely broken-down, who give the lie to the saying "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but as a rule your Poverty Cornerite lives in the air, as he frequently lives on it.

DREAMING OF THE FUTURE.

Something is sure to come along; over his third glass of bitter or Scotch he sees himself owning his own theatre, "Hamlet" in the bill, "free list entirely suspended," "house full, standing room only."

Mingled with his optimism, the Poverty Cornerite has a vivid imagination, particularly in regard to the past. He views it with a high-power magnifying glass.

The £5 a week salary he once drew becomes fifty; the "benefit" that left him £2 10s. out of pocket brought him "twelve hundred merry, jingling quidlets, dear boy, and I did the dashed lot in over Sceptre for the Derby."

The engagements he has refused; the engagements he refuses now: "Of course, I could get my £30 a week, dear boy, if I cared to go to the Colonies, but it doesn't do to let your own public lose sight of you. Besides, this day three months I shall have the Thespian—it's practically arranged—you must remind me to send you a box, dear boy."

HOW THE END COMES.

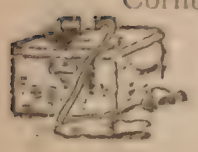
What becomes of the inhabitants of Poverty Corner? Some escape from it; some just snuff out in squalid attics; others having apparently found the solution of the difficult problem of how to live on nothing go on till they are blear-eyed old wrecks, still prating of past triumphs, still waiting for something to turn up; others again go right under to reappear not on the boards, but between them as sandwich-men.

I have chosen the theatrical Poverty Corner, but of course there are others. Fleet-Street in the luncheon hour, the Embankment, both are filled with Poverty Cornerites, some struggling to round it, others not to be driven back round it—depressing spectacles. Poverty Corner has its good points. There is much good fellowship, much humanity, much undeserved misfortune patiently and pluckily endured, even some nobility of character to be found there.

But the winds that sweep round Poverty Corner are bitter chill; there is much that is squalid, dirty, and unwholesome; the atmosphere is musty, just as many of the men there are moth-eaten.

And so let me give you a Scottish toast: "When you're gaun up the hill o' fortune, may ye ne'er meet a frien' coming doon." If you do, stop him if you can before he falls to Poverty Corner.

Peter Gilchrist.



GENTLENESS IN A MAN.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

There is a very great difference between being a gentleman and being a gentle man. When we say that a man is a gentleman, we pay him the highest compliment possible, but when we say that he is a gentle man, we are insulting him, justly or unjustly, for we imply that there is something soft and effeminate in his manner.

Nobody likes the man who is gentle; he is even unpopular with animals.

There are two ways of making friends with a horse. A woman rubs the horse's velvety muzzle with her hand and says it is a dear thing. The man who is gentle follows pretty much the same procedure, and he is surprised, disappointed, and more or less indignant, when the said velvety muzzle is drawn back and the horse makes a playful snap at his fingers.

How would you like to have someone stroke your hair? I imagine you would resent it with some force. A horse feels very much like that. He will take this form of caressing from a girl, but he regards it as an insult to his dignity when it comes from a man.

The man that a horse likes is he who goes up to it, gives it a slap on the neck, and scratches it under the chin.

His method of making friends would not be considered gentle, but it is the one which the horse prefers. At the same time it is not rough; it is merely a vigorous form of salutation from a vigorous man to a vigorous animal; and the horse, realising this, is happy and confident, for he knows that he is in the hands of a man who is not afraid of him, and who understands him.

We find the same sort of thing in the ordinary London teashop.

Most of these places keep a cat, and it is a habit of the cat to go from table to table during lunch-time in order that she may be petted.

There are two ways of petting her. The gentle man strokes her mildly upon the head. The stronger man catches her dexterously by the tail. Do not mistake my meaning; he does not pull her tail, but lets it pass through his hand, gives it just that kindly twist which makes the cat his firm friend.

Again, his greeting was not what one would describe as gentle; the onlooker might even think that he had pulled the cat's tail and that therefore he was an unkind man, but the cat confounds the onlooker by coming back again to the vigorous man to have her tail pulled in a similar way.

Animals, like children, have an instinctive judgment that enables them to discern at once the inward merits of a man, and I have taken these two illustrations from the animal world to show my point.

In human intercourse the same thing is often observed. A man who is what you would describe as gentle, speaks in an oily manner; he is over-effusive, does in an obtrusive manner the little politenesses that convention demands, and gives you the impression that, though undoubtedly he is very polite, he is not very much of a man.

We do not actually dislike him, but we do not find that vigour emanating from him which goes to make friendship.

The vigorous man, on the other hand, though he attends to points of etiquette, leaves you with an impression that he possesses something more than mere polish. You feel that he has magnetism, which is but another name for manliness.

One of the hardships of being an only son, and of being bred too much amongst women, is that a man under such circumstances becomes gentle. When he goes out into the world his gentleness is rubbed off, and manliness, a quality worth ten thousand of the other, appears.

To avoid being absurdly gentle does not necessitate being brutal. The manly man is kind, courageous, and generous, but there are few of the woman's characteristics about him, and gentleness is better left to our womenfolk.

Richard Faulke.

THE FASCINATION OF PLAYING WITH FIRE

The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame.—BYRON.

In a hundred and one ways most of us are playing with fire though we may not realise it.

In all probability we shall be doing so to the end of the chapter, when, it may be, fire will have its revenge and play with us, but we shall have had our fling. Revenge will be as useless as it is pernicious now.

The trouble is that when we play with one little flickering fire we are so likely to kindle huge conflagrations that get quite beyond our control, and sweep along destroying not only ourselves but many an innocent person.

Fire is its most fascinating form appears to the young man, and in him it is often the dry and heaped up fuel that makes it crackle with a delicious warmth and brightness.

It assumes all sorts of colours and shapes, and has an insatiable appetite for our health and material substance.

One of its most pleasing forms is that which comes in the shape of late hours and general cheer.

THE LEAPING FLAMES.

Why go to bed at eleven o'clock when there are boon companions opening their eyes wider with every hour that passes? What a waste of time sleeping away so many hours that might be spent in seeing life!

And with a little practice the fascination steals over you and then health and prospects are in danger.

Fire comes, too, to the young healthy man in the wish of a silken skirt. So seductive is this fire that the man dances round it like some benighted savage round a camp fire. It lures him ever nearer, and he prides himself on his power to attract the flame.

He will discover yet another of the secrets of the full life; he will go up one step more in his knowledge.

So fascinated is he that he cannot take his eyes off the flame, and in a moment he is beyond rescue.

The fire eats a path into the very heart of his manhood, raising his ardour and his appetites only to burn itself out the quicker and then pass on. And in the ashes that it leaves no good thing can take root.

THE LUST FOR RISK.

To another man's fancy in flames will take the form of business risks. He sees in the flame a dazzling legends as: "life is a gamble," "do others or they'll do you," "get on or get out," "get money, honestly if you can, but get money," and other versions of the same loathsome doctrine, and he goes in for them all.

Perhaps he reaps where he has not sown—probably he reaps where somebody else has sown—and all goes merrily for a time. He is fascinated by the game, and cannot see how his credit, his resources, and his character are feeding the flame and leaving him a heap of ashes in the shape of liabilities he can neither meet nor escape. Then the house collapses.

But it must not be supposed that only individuals are given to this fascinating practice of playing with different sorts of fire. This is far from the truth.

Before this year of grace or otherwise, whole nations have played with fire. They have had a splendid time while they lasted. There was no lack of warmth and comfort and brilliant illumination. Money and pleasure and a delightful sense of freedom from cares and responsibilities made life a perfect bed of roses.

The people grew so fat that they could see neither with their physical nor their mental eyes.

In fact they set up a most charming kingdom, which they called "a fool's paradise."

It cannot be denied that England has for a long time been toying with fire in this way. Everybody's business—the defence of one's country—has become nobody's business.

And now we are feeling a tingling of the skin. Our fingers have not yet been burnt, but we have been close enough to the fire to know that it is deadly.

The Motherland is calling for help, and her sons are rallying about her; her salvation depends on whether they do so in sufficient numbers.

Let us hope they will, for there is nothing more tragic and desolate than a structure that has been destroyed by fire, whether it be a man's heart, a man's character, a man's business, or an Empire.

J. RUDMORE MIDDLETON.

THE TSAR'S HUMOUR.

If the Tsar were a wise man, he would bundle together as much of the Royal jewels as he could get, and then come and settle down in this country. As it is he remains where an unkindly fate has placed him, in hourly terror of his life. Occasionally he relieves the suspense with a practical joke. As this:

One evening, not very long ago, he invited his leading nobles to dine with him at the Winter Palace.

Two people, a young man and a woman, were unknown to the rest of the company, but were believed to be Magyar bigwigs. When the dessert was reached the woman threw a bottle of wine to the Magyar at the other end of the table. He caught it deftly, and threw it back to her.

Some of the officers, aghast at this outrage to all etiquette, tried to seize the culprits, but they leapt nimbly on the table, running from one end of it to the other, throwing various dishes into the air and catching them the while.

The Tsar enjoyed it all immensely, for he was the only one who knew who the Magyars really were. They were a couple of French jugglers who were appearing at a St. Petersburg music hall, and he had engaged them as a surprise packet for his guests.

THINGS FORBIDDEN.

A registrar of births, deaths and marriages was sharply called to account by his superiors the other day for using blotting-paper in his entry-book.

It appears that these officials are bound by Government red-tape hand and foot. They are even forbidden to use fountain pens, and one can but vaguely imagine the fearful penalties that would be called down upon the registrar who should prove audacious enough to employ a typewriter.

A benevolent authority supplies them with ink of a special make, and insists that this shall be permitted to dry naturally, the idea being to have the entry as black and lasting as may be.

CITY SPORT.

HOW THE TOWN-DWELLER CAN ENJOY HIMSELF.

One reads much in THE MODERN MAN of the joys of country life, with its sports of all kinds, and the hard lot of the man of athletic or sporting tastes, who is cooped up in a big city.

Well, there is a good deal in that, or it wouldn't be in THE MODERN MAN, but it seems to me that a city man can get a lot of sport, even right in London, and in some respects he is better off for exercise than the man in a small country town or village.

I did not always think so. When I first came up to London from the country I was miserable. No fishing, shooting, or riding unless I was prepared to spend more money than I could afford; no glorious tramps over hill and dale; it seemed as if I were doomed to a life of drab captivity and inaction.

In time, however, I found I was mistaken, and that I could get in London as much exercise and almost as much sport as I had had in my native village. If I could not walk on green turf without taking train, I could give myself plenty of hard walking exercise in the streets, and London streets are strangely fascinating at all times, whether you patrol them in the early morning when London has her morning tub, during the heat and bustle of the day, or, as I have often done, late at night when they are quiet, deserted, and mysterious.

But where I found I scored was in being able to join various athletic clubs.

In a small village like the one I come from, the trouble was to get anyone to play games with. It was only occasionally that we could raise a very scratch cricket or football team, but in London it was different.

I joined an athletic club and got all the Saturday cricket and football I wanted, under pleasant conditions and at a very moderate cost.

Then also I get any amount of boxing, of which I am particularly fond. In the village I had had difficulty in finding anyone to box with, but in the city I can get more than my fill.

I missed the shooting and fishing, of course, but I have had more than one day's good sport with a gun on Tottenham Marshes, and with a rod on the Thames. That, however, is not strictly city sport, but by joining first a miniature rifle club, and now the Territorials, I get plenty of target shooting. And then, of course, I can always hire a hack when I can afford it and have a good gallop on one or other of London's numerous parks or commons. Not quite the same thing as riding in the country, but good fun all the same.

Then if I went back to my native village, how I should miss the gymnasium and the swimming bath which I have at my disposal in London at a very trifling cost.

That is where I think the city man scores over his country brother. He can organise and be organised for all sorts of athletic purposes, and, thanks to his numbers, he can get athletic and sporting luxuries which would be far too costly for a few in the country.

Cricket, football, tennis, hockey, boxing, swimming, water-polo, walking, running—there is really no game or exercise that is not within reach of the city man, whereas in the country comrades are often lacking to make up the necessary number for a game or match.

Clay-pigeon shooting, roller-skating, whippet-racing, foot-racing, target-shooting, golf, indoor tennis or Badminton, these are some of the sports and games open to the city man, but usually denied the man in the country.

I find also that town chaps are very keen on sport as a rule and ready to join you in going in hard for it, which is more than some country fellows will, perhaps because they have enough exercise at work.

There is no reason why when a man comes to the city, be it London or elsewhere, he should cease to be a sportsman. Anyway, I have not.

E. C. THOMSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Feature of the Occasion

By R. D. Crombie.

I hadn't seen Harris for years. After fagging for him at school I used to butt against his prodigious form occasionally in Chancery-Lane, and his great hand would release mine only to get a surer grip of my shoulder; then he would lug me up endless stairs to a fumigated flat, and permit me to leave when the cock crowed.

But he left for the provinces ultimately, and the next time I saw him he was coming out of a church in the suburbs of a Midland town.

It happened that I was on a cycling tour, and the wedding ceremony just concluded had merely aroused my passive interest until I caught a glimpse of the bride, whose wonderful beauty made me stare.

But when Tom Harris loomed large with an elegant-looking lady on his arm and entered the next carriage, my astonishment was complete. It was he, right enough, despite a brown beard and the change that twenty years had wrought in him. Among the customary crowd of onlookers he failed to notice me, and off he went, followed by a very merry party.

A few hasty inquiries, and I learned that he was a flourishing solicitor in the town, and the bride was his daughter. My enervated mind pined for the fresh breeze of his laugh, and late that evening I went to see him, hoping by then that the last of his visitors would have gone.

Curious to see the surprise on his face, I gave the servant no name, and was shown into an exquisitely furnished drawing-room, which gave the lie to the stupid belief that middle-class homes are conspicuously deficient in artistic taste.

The contrast between his condition and mine forced itself upon me, for I was still a bachelor, and things inside that should have been long since dead, resurrected and kicked. But my broodings were interrupted by his entrance.

"Well, of all the men on this blessed earth, if it isn't old Bob!"

In two strides he had reached me, and in two minutes I was hauled out of the mire of morbid recollections, and he had dashed off to find his wife.

Boisterous as a boy, he literally carried her in, and then introduced us with such manifest pride in himself and us both, that we were all fast friends immediately.

Midnight found us in his smoking den, chewing the cud of experience. His face loomed pleasantly through the haze of smoke, reminiscent of the old days.

"Ah!"

He sighed appreciatively when I told him so.

"And to think of you," I said, after a few more reminders, "the picture of prosperity, the embodiment of respectability, and the proud father of the most beautiful girl I've ever seen——"

"In a tempestuous career," he concluded for me. "M-m!"

He studied me ruminatingly, puffing his pipe the while.

"Yes; if I were the father," he remarked stolidly, "you'd have some cause to enthuse."

I sat upright, stared, and sank back.

"You always had a weakness for dramatic lying," I said.

"Dropped it, my boy, when I adopted pleiabeianism."

"Bosh, nevertheless!"

"All right. Digest it," he said, in thorough enjoyment.

Masculine silence reigned.

"Out with it," I said, giving way first.

He began slowly, with eyes that appraised me humorously:

"It was this way. Let me see. I left you in London—how many years ago? It is twenty! Gad! you were a thin little devil then, bursting with opinions of a shroud-like nature. You've grown—both ways—son. Well, I tried my luck in Liverpool, and sorry it was for a time. Soon after I married. Don't smile! It wasn't altogether a logical conclusion. Before long I—we knew"—he paused momentarily, then resumed in the same tone—"there wouldn't be any children. Naturally, we were disappointed.

"One day—I could tell you the date, but it doesn't matter; it was eighteen years ago—one day my staff, a youngster with the special-edition manner, announced that a lady wished to see me. Clients were seldom pleasures then, so I spared her the time.

"She whisked in—no other word describes it—and in two blinks was at my desk, face and body quivering with excitement. She was a dark, tragic thing, with the warm pallor of the South; deliriously pretty. Yes. With solemn, middle-aged sobriety I say it. And her mouth was extraordinary. Crimson stain on white marble."

He grinned at his sentiment, unashamed, and reached for the tobacco jar.

"That was the feature of the occasion," he exclaimed, between puffs.

"It was the old tale," he went on. "He'd taken her from the sunny land of somewhere, and here she was with the brat. It was planked down before me, as if I were an animated cloak-room instead of a highly respected solicitor. He'd had the decency to marry her."

He paused to revive his dying pipe, and looked down his nose at the bowl.

"But he'd faded from her vision like a meteor, leaving a denser blackness behind, I suppose; anyhow, she was off back home, figuratively speaking, with her neck stretched. I'm mixing the metaphor a bit, but she was the sort that flashed pictures before one. She'd got money—a bagful of it. I was to undertake disposal of the impedimenta, plus a hundred pounds.

"Before I had well started upon a forensic peroration anent the irregularity of it—I was a trifle ornate in those days—she was at the door, leaving the bank-notes in my hand and that bundle on my blotting-pad.

"Then she stopped, and turned round, with rather a piteous look about her. I verily believe if she'd shown an atom of maternal compunction then I'd have bundled her out, baggage and all. But her eyes were on my face. Look as incredulous as you like, my boy, they were fixed on my democratic phiz. She came back to me with slow, gliding steps.

"'Jesu Maria!' she whispered. '*You* will take care of her!'

"Her little hands crept over my shoulder to my neck—she had to tiptoe to do it—then she pulled me down gently, and—well, that was the feature of the occasion."

The sinner turned his attention to his pipe again, and peered brazenly from behind a lighted match which he held above the bowl.

"Before I had recovered she was gone. I stood there a bit, but the kid began to howl and the notes were good. So I got a cab and took 'em all home. After the wife had ceased laughing—and the other thing—over whatever it was, we investigated to make sure. She was all right; sound enough."

He yawned inartistically, but I sat watching him. After a while he went on in a strictly unconcerned tone:

"Then we cleared out and came here, [illegible] hundred sovs."

He paused. "You see what I've done with them, and—well, you've seen her."

Still I said nothing.

"Good right through, she's been," he said with the tiniest break in his voice.

"Does she know it?" I said at last.

He shot up in alarm.

"Who? She? Good Lord, no! No," he said, recovering, with another unrepentant grin. "Only you and I and the wife know. And there's one less knows about the kiss. Heigho! Fill up!"

FIGHTING FOR NATURE'S SECRET.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

In a back street leading off the Tottenham Court-Road there lives an old man who is one of London's most romantic characters. The writer had frequently seen him in the British Museum, and one day was able to render him a little service, thereby earning his gratitude, and starting an acquaintanceship which enabled him to learn the life story of this strange personality.

At one time he was the owner of a lucrative practice in Harley-Street, from which he gradually amassed a fortune amounting to many thousands of pounds.

Then he retired, and the fashionable world knew him no longer. Renting a couple of rooms in the house where he is still living, he set himself to solve the problem of perpetual life, a subject which had always exercised an extraordinary fascination for him.

His methods are unusual, to say the least of it, and they have not been marked by very many successes; but the old man never loses heart, he has set his mind on a fascinating problem, and he is happy.

It has been his habit to hunt the poorer quarters for cases where the patients are at death's door, and to endeavour to combat the grim spectre.

More than once he has managed to prolong the life of a dying man, but in each case it was only for a time.

His nearest approach to success, according to his own statement, which there is little reason to doubt, was in the case of a young man who was dying of blood-poisoning.

The patient was almost unconscious when he arrived, but he immediately hypnotised him, thereby arresting the functions of certain organs for a time.

He then bled his patient, thus removing the bulk of the poison from his veins. He next performed the operation of transfusion, conducting a large quantity of blood from the veins of the young man's father to the [illegible] on the bed. The result was that the patient recovered, and it nearly broke the old man's heart when he died some ten years later.

failure.

Most of his money has now been [illegible] some of his experiments have been of the most elaborate and expensive kind, but though a failure he still clings to what he terms his life's work, and every morning he goes to the British Museum to pore over certain old medical works in foreign tongues.

The rest of his time he spends chiefly among the sick of the slums. Some day, he says, he will yet learn the secret of life and death.

And this is the romantic character whom frequenters of the museum set down, if they think of him at all, as an ordinary book-worm like themselves.

Stuart Freeman

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

[*Mr. Wood absolutely refuses to fill in the features of his victims, or to indicate their identity in his accompanying article.* —Ed.]

ONE FROM THE WEST.

Although he doesn't write more than he can help, the good old public who keeps us all—God bless 'em!—has read what his name appeared under.

His writings came from Fleet-Street, and it was in Fleet-Street that I found him, accompanied by a thirst and a thirst.

We had a Bass and talked of literature. The Bass occupied thirty minutes and the literature five.

We should have gone deeply no doubt into Shakespeare and Milton, but the question of the merits of the Ari[illegible] on Prohibition was more important.

Being of a romantic temperament, I wanted to lean and to spout out all of a long time-honored string of titles—but one semi-humorous glint out of a pair of cool eyes forbade it.

"An interval now takes place," as they say when the actor shops, but time bridged that interval so quickly that it [illegible] leave a yawning gap, for I found myself smiling into the face of a solemn looking white [illegible] with a very handsome, swarthy gentleman on my right. The owner of a splendid row of white teeth and the knack of doing the finest foot throw with the lariat it's been my lot to see.

We didn't talk of much. Tobacco mostly, saddles, double cinches, men who'd been there and those who hadn't, mules, and bad weather. If he had liked he could have been thrillingly interesting and [illegible]. He would have looked the [illegible] at twenty-five with [illegible] added.

But we'd run his eye teeth in a bottle of [illegible] and had to do the [illegible] every-thing, he was just an ordinary individual. The rope, the saddle, and the spurs, are pretty [illegible] glass-shut door of a museum for the visitors to read the label.

The man who uses them for his every-day life, looks upon these things as his tools, and who forsakes a soft bed and a warm hearth by the fire of the range—the blistering heat of the desert—let alone the nerve-racking bucks of a bronco—is, even though he doesn't write books, a Man—and, after all, to be a Man with a capital M is better than being a big author.

Stanley L. Wood.

[*We caution all who guess whom this cartoon represents not to write to us; let them send the glad tidings of their discovery to Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave, the cowboy baronet, but we solemnly warn them not to bear the message to him personally, as he is commonly reputed to carry a six-shooter, and he might be out of temper.*]

THE POLICEMAN.

AN APPRECIATION.

Often caricatured and ridiculed, sometimes held up to obloquy, not infrequently misrepresented and traduced, the British policeman is none the less the envy and wonder of other nations.

And, although we may make fun of his boots, his alleged susceptibility to the spiritual charms of the kitchen Venus, and the more material attractions of her rabbit pie; although we may bring more serious charges against him and invite Royal Commissions to sit on him, to his ultimate vindication; deep down in our hearts we are proud of the British policeman. And not without reason.

Some aspects of him are sufficiently familiar. His admirable courage is generally admitted and admired. It is seldom indeed that one hears of a policeman wanting in pluck. Rather is he inclined in moments of danger to take extreme risks, and, as in the case of the heroic P.C. Tyler, of Tottenham outrages fame, to do more than his bare duty, and to face perils from which he might well have been excused.

His civility and tact are proverbial, while he is constantly called upon to exercise his judgment in delicate circumstances, and, as a rule, he shows excellent common-sense.

There are times when it rests with him to decide whether a man shall be mixed up in legal trouble or not.

The other day I witnessed a little incident which revealed Robert at his best as a controller of traffic. A motor-'bus and a horse and cart came in collision.

Robert took in the situation at a glance; he satisfied himself that no real damage had been done, and told the mutually aggrieved parties to "shut their heads" and carry on.

A tactless man would have stuck to the strict letter of the regulations; would have taken the respective contestants' names, numbers and addresses, and there would have been reports, and actions, and no end of a bobbery all about nothing. Robert, being a sensible man, declined to make a mountain out of a molehill, and the traffic rolled on.

There is one aspect of the policeman, however, to which the public does not do full justice, and that is his wonderful humanity.

He has much to try, irritate, and exasperate him; still more perhaps to make him hard and unfeeling. He has often to deal with the vilest of mankind; he has to carry his life in his hands, and he knows that all too often none will come to his assistance when he is down.

Nevertheless he remains wonderfully human and humane.

He will go to some wretched home, arrest the man of the house, and take him to the station. Then he will return quietly, and out of his scanty money succour and feed the helpless wife and children.

The policeman's charity is a very beautiful thing; I say with all reverence it is a Christ-like thing; it is as touching, as exquisite as that wonderful charity which the very poor show to the very poor.

The policeman often meets with the blackest ingratitude, but he himself is above all things grateful.

Let any member of the general public go to a constable's assistance in a street row, and the whole force will subscribe to present the civilian with a more than handsome recognition of his services.

Naturally in a great force like the police there are black sheep, and, unfortunately, far too much is made of their shortcomings; but when you think of the policeman's opportunities for misusing his power; the hard, dangerous, and exacting nature of his life; his scanty pay and often most repellent duties, and of what he usually is—brave, cheerful, polite, and kind-hearted—I think you will admit that P.C. X. Y. Z. is one of the finest representatives of a modern man.

LEONARD FITZROY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

ENGLISH. I knew it would come one of these days, and it has now arrived—a letter from a reader who objects to my use of the words English and Englishman when, he says, British and Briton would be more correct.

I admit the error so far as accuracy is concerned, but I have perpetrated it intentionally and shall continue to do so.

Nobody in these islands loves Great Britain or the United Kingdom, for these names are but geographical terms; when, however, you speak to an Englishman of England, to a Scotsman of Scotland, or to an Irishman of Ireland, his heart warms at once.

"Dear old England" is a phrase that sends our hearts a-throbbing, and under certain circumstances brings a lump to our throats; but no one could be thrilled at the mention of the "dear old United Kingdom" or of "dear old Great Britain."

In spite of the closeness of the union, love of country still remains to each of us love of the particular country of our birth.

Most of my readers are English, and therefore when I speak of our country I speak of England, although I am in no wise forgetful of my thousands of readers in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. There are few corners of these islands which I have not visited at one time or another, and my heart is large enough to love them all.

By using the term "England" I satisfy my English readers, who are in the majority; my Scotch and Irish friends will in each case read "Scotland" or "Ireland," as the case may be. None of them, so far, has suggested a preference for "Britain"; the complaint I spoke of came from an English student of history at Oxford.

THE POWER OF A MACHINE. In these weekly chats I have generally confined myself to sporting matters, but I would not have you think that outdoor recreation is the only thing I live for—far from it.

If I held a stringent examination of myself, I believe I should find that the desire for outdoor sport, and consequently for the funds necessary for its enjoyment, formed a large part of the stimulus that has urged me to work at the double, but in my work itself I find—priggish as it may seem to say it—a keen delight.

I nurse this paper as a woman would her only youngster, and every stage of the complicated process—from the time when the articles and stories reach me in manuscript form to the moment when you purchase the paper as you now read it—is my anxious care.

I profess to know my business, but there remains one part of it which will ever retain for me the mysterious fascination of the impenetrable. I refer to the machinery.

THINGS I CAN'T DO. I am fairly good at some things, but in the matter of mechanics I am a person of no account.

Once I took a bicycle to bits to clean it thoroughly. The cleaning was done all right, but when I put the bicycle together again I had almost enough parts over to make a fresh machine; I think this proves sufficiently that I lack the talent for ever becoming a mechanic.

Yet machinery has an irresistible fascination for me. I am fond of anything stronger than myself, whether it be a horse or an engine of steel, and many an evening I go down to the works and watch the great machine which is the medium between you and me.

It is worth watching.

I think I have already told you that the immediate success of THE MODERN MAN came as a surprise to me, and it completely upset my arrangements as to printing.

For the first few numbers we managed as best we could, but before the paper had been published six weeks my printers had secured a magnificent machine which is fully capable of dealing with our present circulation and with any reasonable increase that may come along.

We know that it is the largest printing machine in Europe, and, unless they have something bigger in America, the largest in the world. It is much larger than the machines used for the printing of any of the London dailies.

THE IRON VOICE. I do not understand the machine, and I do not want to—but I revere it.

I am not an idolater, neither am I a worshipper of graven images, but I cannot break myself of a reverence for this machine.

It is built into the basement, for its weight would crush any ordinary floor, and even in its present position it sets the whole works vibrating when it is in motion.

You reach the basement by a twisting iron staircase, and a voice of thunder greets your ears; it is the voice of the great machine.

I should like to invent words to make the iron voice articulate, but I could not do it justice. I think it was Kipling who said that the wheels of an express train keep repeating the sentence: "Praise to the face is open disgrace." It would take a brain as clever as his to set words to the music of the great machine on which this is printed.

AN IMPRESSION. The floor is throbbing beneath you and the thunder of the machine has made speaking impossible long before you reach the place where it stands.

You pick your way past rolls of paper, and dip your head as you come under the flying belts which seem perilously close to you. In another moment you are in the presence of the machine.

To describe it is outside my province; the impression that remains with me is of bright, polished steel and brass, of axles revolving and shooting rhythmically backwards and forwards, of a great drum, faced with plates of cast type, revolving so quickly that you cannot distinguish one page from its neighbours.

At one end of the machine is fixed a roll of paper, five miles in length. At the other end copies of THE MODERN MAN are dropping out, to be carried up to the warehouse by an endless band.

Near the machine are other giant rolls of paper, some with steel cores already fitted to them so that they can be put on without delay.

On one of these rolls I seat myself and watch the machine.

The engineers in their blue overalls move up and down the iron stairways upon it, oiling its various parts, and they seem to move in absolute silence, for the roar of the machine drowns every other sound.

WHY I SIT AND WATCH IT. Though, as I have said, I have no talent of a mechanical kind, I am nevertheless fascinated by this triumph of engineering skill such as is the machine, and it is not alone the magic of the revolving wheels or the genius of their inventors that keeps me there watching and dreaming, but it is the fact that the machine is the link between my readers and myself, that it supplies the means by which I may speak with them.

READERS' PHOTOGRAPHS. I am glad to say that I am still receiving many photographs from my readers. I prize them all more highly, but there are some of which I am particularly proud.

These are of men who have joined the Territorials at my suggestion, and very well they look in their newly won uniforms.

If you have a photograph to spare I wish you would let me have it. I want to get to know you better.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A MILITARY YARN.

By "CHINSTRAP."

SWANKER

I met him during one of our little wars." He described himself as a war correspondent, but he was first and foremost a Bally Fool.

Not that the fellow lacked ability of a sort, he could write, and was a very well educated man, but in some ways he was the most amazing ass I ever encountered in the course of a long and sinful existence.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. The enemy had ceased to see a man about a ship, all was quiet in the township, and I was sunning myself on the club verandah, when the apparition dismounting at the steps made me inwardly vow to "swear off."

It wore a beautiful khaki uniform, all pleats, and pockets, and prettiness. This alone was enough to make me gasp, as the usual "uniform" of those days consisted of a patched pair of riding breeches and a dirty flannel shirt.

But what set me metaphorically chasing the water-wagon was the creature's armoury. "Armed to the teeth" would be a poor and altogether inadequate description of his appearance.

Here is the inventory:

(1) Two repeating rifles, one carried, the other slung across his back.

(2) Three revolvers, each having a barrel about a yard long.

(3) Sword—he was or had been in the Volunteers at home.

(4) Two bowie knives, each about the size of a cutlass.

(5) Two bandoliers, each filled with about 100 rounds of ammunition.

(6) Cartridge belt and pouches containing about two hundred rounds.

(7) Leather collar holding more ammunition.

(8) Leather wristlets holding still more ammunition.

(9) Enormous spurs, with rowels about an inch long.

(10) Square foot of black ribbon on his left breast, which, I afterwards learned, was the ribbon of the medal granted by some ambulance corps, for proficiency in rendering first aid to the wounded.

(11) Solar topee—the climate was quite temperate—festooned with puggaree, and cartridges.

So much for the man. To detail the pantechnicon carried by his unfortunate horse would take up too much space, so I will merely mention among numerous other items a portable cooking stove, camp bed, camera, six blankets, Wolseley valise, a canteen about the size of a house, telescope stilts for wading rivers, and a medicine chest about six feet by four.

The wretched beast, too, was, like its master, decorated with all sorts of contraptions for carrying ammunition—collars, wallets, bellybands, haversacks, and the Lord knows what. At a very modest computation I reckon that the man and horse between them carried 3,000 rounds of ball cartridge. And there wasn't an enemy within twenty miles.

This martial Xmas Tree on horseback came up to me, and introduced himself. I gathered that while ostensibly a war correspondent his lust for blood had induced him to accept a commission in the irregular—dashed irregular—force which was holding the town, and he said that I should oblige him if I would address him as Colonel.

I said I should not dream of calling him anything less than Field Marshal, and then I went off and had several big drinks.

We had with us a certain world famous scout, and to him "Colonel" Swanker, as I shall call him, attached himself like a fly to treacle.

The Swanker had a hide which no insult could penetrate, and the scout being a good-natured chap, and tiring of calling him opprobrious names, allowed Swanker to accompany him on some of his expeditions, although Swanker always remembered something he had forgotten and must go back for, as soon as the danger zone was reached.

It was not until the home papers began to dribble in that we recognised the true inwardness of Swanker's attachment to the scout.

In the journal he represented his telegrams at first ran something to this effect: "Major Sleuth" (the famous scout in question), "accompanied by Col. Swanker, went ten miles into the Limpopo Mountains yesterday, and gained some valuable information."

A few days later, however, it had become: "Colonel Swanker, accompanied by Major Sleuth," until finally Sleuth was dropped altogether and Swanker described his own scouting achievements with a particularity which did credit to his imagination.

Oh, he was a deuce of a scout was Swanker.

I well remember one afternoon when we were lying in camp on the veldt. There was not an enemy within ten miles. Everything was quiet, and the day being warm, most of us were enjoying an after-dinner nap, when a rattling of tin cans and other things disturbed our slumbers.

Looking up, we perceived Swanker, as usual armed to his toe-nails, mounting his Carter, Paterson of a steed.

"What in thunder is the unspeakable idiot up to now," we wondered, and with languid curiosity watched him ride across the open towards the mountains where the enemy lay concealed, for a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile.

Suddenly he wheeled round, and came back to camp, at full gallop, his various paraphernalia rattling and making noise enough to wake the dead.

So much so that his horse bolted and tore through the camp, upsetting tents and leantos, and finally stopping short and depositing Swanker head-first among a circle of angry men.

"What the blue blazes are you playing at, Swanker?" said someone.

"I've been scouting," he said. "They jolly nearly had me. Didn't you see them?" And in due course we read in Swanker's journal a long telegraphic account of his "ride for life," while engaged in daring scouting operations.

As a matter of fact, Swanker was once precious near death. During the early days of the war, when an attack on the township was anticipated, he rode in late one evening hell-for-leather with the news that he had come across the trail of an impi moving evidently to join another impi, whose location was known.

The news, if true, presaged an attack, and instantly all was bustle and confusion.

The alarm bell was rung, the defences of the town were manned, women and children herded into the laager, and a strong reconnoitring patrol sent out in the direction of the probable assault. Their language when they picked up the trail of the alleged impi and found it was nothing more than the spoor of a wandering herd of cattle, was a thing to shudder over, and the proposal to hang Swanker with his own braces found many warm adherents.

Incidentally, I may mention that there were some amusing scenes when the alarm bell went that night. One man arrived breathless at the laager entrance fondly clasping a pillow, which, when someone drew his attention to it, he dropped with a shriek of: "Good God, I thought it was the baby."

Another gentleman, fat and Hebraic, tottered into the laager, fairly pumped out with running, and as he sank to the ground he gasped to the sentry: "For Heaven's sake, go and bring my wife in, she's coming on a quarter of a mile behind."

Rather good, too, was the incident of the citizen sentry, who on being posted on the outskirts of the town, was told that in the event of anyone approaching his post, he was to challenge three times, and then, failing satisfactory response, to fire.

Presently there arose on the night air a quavering voice, which with great rapidity and all in one breath bleated forth: "Halt who goes there halt who goes there halt who goes there?" —and then—Bang!

He had fired at (and fortunately missed) the adjoining sentry, who was walking across to pass the time of day, or rather night.

Merry days these were. You have heard of the people who lived by taking in each other's washing? Well, something very similar was the case at Buluwayo in 1896—to give the *locale* away.

Nobody had any money.

At the club, an average monthly wine bill ran from £60 to £80; there were two or three gambling hells, and at least half a dozen other places not usually mentioned in polite society. The club, the gaming dens, and the other establishments flourished. Yet everybody was broke. But a more cheerful community I never lived in.

Owing to transport difficulties food began to run short. That was bad, but nobody minded until it was rumoured that the whisky and beer were giving out.

Then were intense indignation meetings held. Let the food wait. Jettison it, sink it, burn it, but delay not the cases of John Barleycorn and Bass. Strong, stern-faced men saw to that; they rode far down the Mangwe Pass, and the liquor was not delayed.

However, to return to Swanker and his crowning achievements.

In the course of a fight—I must do Swanker the justice of saying that he stood fire pretty well—he slipped while clambering over a kopje and sat down with some violence on his "seat of honour."

A few weeks later, to our infinite joy, we read in Swanker's journal that he had been seriously wounded in the course of such-and-such a battle, but nevertheless had pluckily stuck to his post.

That was good, but there was better to follow.

In the course of another engagement a man who had been slightly wounded in the hand was going to the rear to have his hand tied up. He was well out of fire, in no conceivable danger, and quite able to take care of himself.

Suddenly he heard a furious galloping behind and Swanker swooped down on him, shouting: "Jump up, I'll save you, I'll save you."

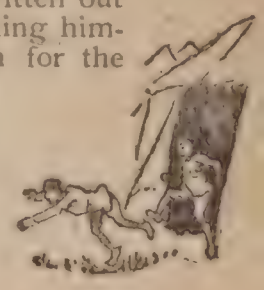
"Don't be a bally fool," said the trooper, "I'm all right." Swanker, however, would take no denial. He was rather a powerful chap; the trooper was a little man, and Swanker more or less dragged him on to his saddle-bow, and "rescued" him; to the most ungrateful and profane indignation of the rescued.

Some days later I happened to be passing the headquarter marquee, when to my amazement I saw Swanker suddenly and violently propelled through the doorway.

He landed almost at my feet, and he was very cross. He said he should certainly write to the *Times* about the General's most ungentlemanly conduct.

Later I learned the truth. Swanker, on the strength of the rescue described, had written out an application (in triplicate) recommending himself for the V.C., and had taken it in for the General to countersign and forward.

Honest Injun!



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND.

There is necessarily much artifice in the transaction of business, as you can see for yourself by studying the methods of a Jew salesman, who is in his way an absolute expert.

The man who is starting in business recognises that he must do many things prompted rather by his judgment than by his inclination; he must, in fact, adopt some method, map out some line of conduct.

The necessity for this he admits, and he endeavours to lay down the lines of a successful business by means of a system. So far he is perfectly right, but in most cases he adopts a system which is not calculated to secure the best possible results in the shortest possible time.

You cannot get rich quickly and honestly except under very special circumstances, but all the same we none of us want to spend more years of our lives than may be required for the building up of a competence.

What is the best way to attain our desires? I may answer the question most effectively by bringing to your notice the methods of certain of my friends—methods which I regard as bad ones.

I have in mind one man, who during business hours clothes himself with absolute callousness.

He is polite enough to visitors, but his courtesy is obviously shallow, and he intends that it should be so. He has told me that if you are genuinely polite, or appear to be actually pleased to see someone who is going to do business with you, that man will try to do you down in one way or another.

He is, in his office, a commercial machine all the time; the human element in him is rigorously suppressed.

Before discussing his case, let us review that of another man with whom I do business, for he is the very antithesis of the first.

He greets everybody heartily, allows an interview to be as long as the visitor cares to make it—he forgets that business is commercial warfare, and he treats those who lay propositions before him much as he would personal friends in his own house.

In the first case the man loses business by making himself unpopular, and by freezing off those who meet him. In the second case the merchant is wasting his own time, which ought to be and is, valuable.

The safe course is the middle one, where you are genuinely human and polite during all the hours of business, but where you restrain yourself with the recollection of the purpose for which you are out.

You want to make money. Bear that in mind all day long. Although this thought dominates your outlook, it need not prevent your being courteous, honest, and the possessor of all the other virtues, but it keeps you from wasting time in the mere matter of social intercourse during business hours.

The shop and the office are not drawing-rooms, and though courtesy makes work run pleasantly, still it must be remembered that this is only a secondary consideration.

I have seen it written that if you kept repeating a phrase, you would in time act upon it; in the connection to which I refer, the sleepless reader was advised to repeat to himself the word "sleep" again and again, and it is alleged that in a short time he would actually fall asleep.

Whether there is anything in the mere repetition of a phrase I do not know, but I do know from personal experience that to keep a thought always in your mind is a source of great strength.

We have a natural tendency to allow our minds to wander, to be led away by our feelings, and such a tendency is best restrained by keeping uppermost in your thoughts the fact that you are out to make money.

WHEN THE CRASH COMES.

If a doctor is made bankrupt his carriage cannot be seized, and the law enacts that he be left one horse, his surgical instruments and a carpet in his hall and consulting room.

His carriage is regarded as a sort of sacred thing, for the expenses connected with its upkeep are not reckoned in the returns he makes of his income for taxation.

A bankrupt duke would fare still better, for he can force his trustees to give him an income of £2,000 a year. If they decide to manage his household for him instead, they are bound to allow him a carriage and carriage horse, a riding horse, a man-servant and a house the rent of which is at least £250 per annum.

In framing these acts our legislators must have had time to spare, for they go into the most absurd details, ordering that the bankrupt duke shall even have one bottle of champagne each day.

WOULD YOU BE MISSED?

The suggestion is unflattering, I admit, but the question is one that each man in the commercial battle had better ask himself. If he cannot answer in the affirmative, he had better see to it that he is able to do so without loss of time.

It is not always the big man who is missed most. Very often the founder of the business has been playing merely a nominal part in its transaction long before his death. I have known a good office boy to be very seriously missed indeed. It is the quality of the work, rather than the position of the worker, that counts in the truthful answering of this question.

It is wise for every man to believe thoroughly in his own ability, but a consideration of this point may help him to see exactly how he stands, and to look out for weak places and strengthen them.

Knowledge, here at least, is power.

BACCY AND BUSINESS.

The old-fashioned regulations which used to govern the conduct of business are falling to pieces.

Once upon a time it would have been considered most unprofessional for a self-respecting banker to smoke during office hours, but now the soothing weed is constantly being consumed in the manager's room, when important matters are under discussion.

It is the same all round. There is probably not a managing director in London who does not keep a box of cigars on his desk, even if he is not himself a smoker, and some of the greatest financial enterprises have been conceived and planned in rooms where the parties could scarcely see one another for the fragrant fumes of the weed.

The commercial traveller who does not keep his cigar-case well filled, is neglecting a weapon which a shrewder rival will use. Though a shop-keeper may not for appearance sake smoke in sight of his customers, yet he expects to have a cigar offered him after giving a traveller an order of any size, and if his expectation is unfulfilled it leaves a bad impression.

You can Learn
Shorthand in 5 weeks
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A well-known London B.A. writes:—

"In sending you my last exercise for correction, may I express to you my thanks for the care and promptness with which you have always attended to and returned my work in connection with this admirable system.

(Signed) Austin T. Long, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.)

*** Mr. Long learned in 26 days.

Another gentleman of some standing in Doncaster (whose original letter can be seen at this office, along with hundreds of others), says: "I have now finished my course of postal lessons and consider the assistance gained by your method is well worth the fee charged, and the additional explanations you have given to my queries from time to time have been of great help. I have no knowledge personally of other systems, but some of my friends who have, consider the progress I have made in the time remarkably rapid."

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It will show you how Easily You can Learn.

GUILBERT PITMAN, 85, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

ADVICE SEEKERS.

One of the quickest profit bringers in business is the faculty for using the experience of others—experience which you can as a rule only benefit by when you request their advice.

Advice asking must be done with caution, however. Some people make a habit of asking advice on the merest trifles, or on points which they can readily decide for themselves.

On one occasion I went fishing with a friend and his little son. We wanted to cross a brook which was too wide to jump. A wooden fence had been erected over the watercourse to prevent cattle straying and over this we made our way. My friend's little son came last, and just as he was about the middle of the fence his foot slipped and he fell into the brook in a sitting position. The water was very shallow, and the boy sat there with the seat of his trousers very wet, but his arms and feet dry. Turning in our direction he said: "Pa, what will I do now?"

The humour of the situation appealed to me, but it also struck me that my friend had by over-advising his little boy robbed him of all power of initiative in emergencies.

People who ask advice, as often as not take their own way, blame you if the course turns out badly, and take the credit if things go well.

"Should I back Ginger Nut?" a friend asked me one day shortly before a race. I told him that I advised him not to bet at all as he was more likely to lose his money than win anything.

Well, it so happened that Ginger Nut won easily, and the seeker for advice returned with a harrowing tale that he had lost his money, a fact which he attributed to my advice.

"But, my dear chap," I said, "I distinctly told you not to bet. If you followed my advice you could not have lost your money."

"Yes," he said, "I was put off that horse by your remarks, so I put my money on something else. It lost, and I think you ought to give me compensation."

Horsemen I have Met.

A RIDING MASTER DESCRIBES SOME OF HIS PUPILS.

A riding-master sees much of human nature, for naturally most of the men he meets come to him as pupils, and the man who is learning to ride sooner or later reveals himself for what he is.

Indeed, I know of no place like a riding-school for taking the starch out of a conceited fellow, or for bringing up the funk, or bringing out the best that is in a man.

Some men come to me who have no real love for horses or riding; they want to ride because they think it looks well, and it gives them a chance of swaggering about in boots, breeches, and spurs.

I remember such a one—a supercilious, sneering, objectionable young bounder he was.

MALINGERING.

It was difficult to get him to ride at all; he always had some excuse—chafed himself, or had a pain in his big toe, or something of that kind. But he was always dressed up to the "sporting nines," and what he liked to do was to lounge about the school, staring rudely at the other riders, passing nasty remarks, and generally making himself out a very superior sort of person and horseman.

He met his Waterloo one day, however, when he came in with some ladies. No, he wasn't going to ride; he had ricked his back or something, and so he stood around and posed for the benefit of his fair companions.

I was putting the school over jumps, and he was mighty critical. At last, I got tired of it, and said to him: "Come along now, Mr.——, and give them a lead."

"Oh, yes, do, Mr.——," chimed in the ladies. "We should love to see you."

BLANK'S LAST RIDE.

He tried to wriggle out of it, but the ladies kept on insisting, and you can bet I didn't forget to rub it in as well.

At last he gave way, and very gingerly got on a horse. Left to himself he would have walked at the hurdle, but I gave the old horse a regular rouser from behind, and off it bolted, Blank sitting like a sack of flour, and clinging desperately to the reins.

He went over the jump, however, more like a parcel, for his mount, bothered by his pulling, stumbled, and Blank shot into the air and landed full length about ten yards on the other side.

He picked himself up scowling, and, protesting he was lamed for life, went away; he never came back, for which I was not in the least sorry, for his supercilious airs annoyed the other pupils, and he did me more harm than good.

One of my most amusing pupils was a young gentleman who wanted to join the Yeomanry, and very rightly thought that as a preliminary step he had better learn to ride.

A REAL SPORTSMAN.

Whatever Nature had intended him to be, she had not cut him out for a horseman. He was a short, fat, round-thighed young man, and neither I nor anyone else could ever have made a rider of him.

I remember a friend called for him after his first lesson, and I could not help overhearing the following colloquy between them:

"Well, Jack, how did you get on?" asked his friend.

"Get on!" echoed Jack in disgusted tones, indicating his patient steed. "It took me twenty minutes to get on the brute, and twenty seconds to tumble off him again."

But Mr. Jack was always good-humoured and plucky; took falls and all kinds of mishaps with a smiling face, and, although none could have made a horseman of him, he got on wonderfully well considering his natural disabilities, and after he left I had a grateful letter from him saying he had got into a well-known Yeomanry corps.

As I have remarked, men come to me who do not really care anything about riding, but take to it because they think it looks well to be seen in the Row or for some reason of that kind.

Mr. Dash was one of this kidney. He was also fond of lifting his elbow, and he was always pretty well primed with Dutch courage when he turned up at the school.

I did not so much mind his trying to mount a horse that wasn't there, but one day when he insisted on getting up back to front and solemnly ambled round the school gazing unsteadily at his horse's tail, I felt that I was taking his money under false pretences, and requested him to go, which he did quite cheerfully.

HARD TIMES.

One day a tall, sad-looking man, a gentleman every inch of him, came to the school accompanied by a lad of twelve or so.

Taking me aside, he explained that he had once been in a very good position, but had met with heavy reverses some years ago. He had always been passionately fond of horses, and had kept his own, but that was before the crash came. His son, the lad with him, had inherited his love of horses, and he had brought him to me to be taught riding, partly as a pleasure for the boy, partly because the lad was absolutely set on entering the cavalry as an officer if his father's fortunes took a turn for the better, as a trooper if they did not.

MY BEST PUPIL.

That was the coming of my favourite pupil. The boy was a born horseman. I saw that the moment I put him up and noted the way he gripped with his thighs, and his light yet firm touch on the reins. After a few lessons there was nothing left for me to teach him, and when he left it was a real pleasure to me to give him as many free mounts as he liked, if only for the sheer pleasure of watching him on horseback.

His father's affairs, I am glad to say, improved, and he got a commission in a crack cavalry regiment.

On my mantelpiece is his photograph in jockey kit, wearing the colours in which he won a Military Steeplechase, and I value it as much as the letter he sent me along with the photograph, in which he thanked me for having made a horseman of him. But there he was wrong, for Nature had done that before me.

J. R. Reeves.

EXTRA MONEY.

We all want it.
Why?
You know best.
How can you get some?
And quickly?

By disposing of the things you no longer want.
Jot them down and put your advertisement in our
Readers' Sale and Exchange Column.

See page 3 of cover.

SELF-ESTEEM.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE OF POSSESSIONS.

Self-esteem is a different thing from self-respect. Every human male who has any pretensions to the title of man has self-respect, but unfortunately far too few have anything approaching self-esteem.

We feel that we are not so brave, so good-looking, or so popular as we might be; we do not have the intense pleasure of knowing that we are as good as any other man in all the world.

I am not saying that we ought to be conceited. Conceit is a form of weakness, but we want to feel that delightful and invigorating sense of power which comes to the man who is in no wise envious of anybody else, and who is just as fine a man as he wants to be.

To my thinking there is nothing more pathetic than the case of a man who suffers from some slight deformity which debars him from active participation in sport, although he is a thorough sportsman at heart; self-respect he will of course have, but it is seldom that he has self-esteem, for he sees on all sides so many who approach his ideal more closely than he himself does.

But to the average man the attainment of his ideal is well within reach. All he needs to do is to overcome the difficulties that stand between him and its realisation.

Take as an example the present popularity of the Territorials. On a Saturday night you will find some of these young men, looking their best in uniform, walking in the High Street of any town in the country, observed by all beholders. Other young men, physically as fit and of the right age, turn to look enviously at the passing Territorials—it is envy without the slightest trace of malice—the Territorials are what they would like to be.

A little calm consideration would show these young men that they are harbouring a most uncomfortable sentiment.

If they asked themselves the question candidly whether they really liked to see Territorials, they would admit that they did not, for the sight of one arouses a feeling of self-disparagement which is far from pleasing.

I have taken this case as an illustration, and I shall therefore cite the cure.

Many young men who envy the Territorials, are deterred from becoming such by one reason or another. Possibly their hours are too long; possibly they are only too lazy. These difficulties and drawbacks must be overcome in one way or another. A new position must be sought out carefully—arrangements for the new post being fixed up before the old one is left—so that the necessary time may be had for drills.

This means trouble of course, but the obtaining of self-esteem is worth all the trouble in the world.

It is erroneous to suppose that all the men whom you envy are really more happily circumstanced than yourself; many of them have had to overcome difficulties greater than yours.

It is the same with sport. We should not be envious of the man who can row, ride or shoot well, neither should we covet the muscles of the athlete. We should set about becoming his rival in a practical way; if we attain his development we shall have no one to envy, and that feeling is one of the most delicious that can be experienced by the human mind.

There is the danger that the man who makes himself into his own ideal of what a man should be, may become addicted to swagger and even to swank; this danger, however, is a small one, for the man who is strong enough to overcome the difficulties connected with the reaching of his ideal, is strong enough also to resist such pettiness as false pride.

In fact, when you have made yourself all that you would like to be—I am speaking of matters quite outside the question of income—petty or trivial thoughts do not present themselves to you; you become a strong man in every sense of the word.

Oliver Stokes.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

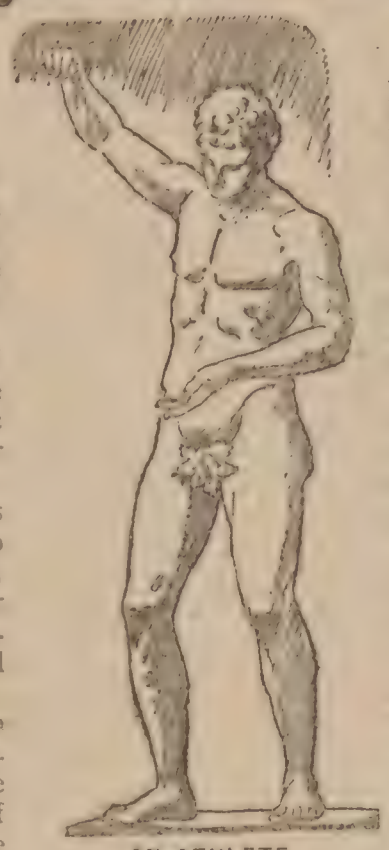
WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

The words of the Prince of Wales in his famous speech last year, though they were uttered with reference to commerce, may well be applied to sport and national physique.

There are very few forms of sport in which we can produce the champion. At the recent Olympic games we were left behind in far too many events.

The boxing championship has passed from one American to another; in wrestling, Russians, Americans and French are far ahead of us. And so it is with running, tennis, sculling, shooting and the rest.

One can understand the superiority of the New World, owing to the healthy open air life which is led in most parts of America and Canada, but that the older countries of the continent should surpass us in athletic prowess and physique is harder to understand. Even the Frenchman who was once regarded as the antithesis of all things athletic actually excels us in some branches of sport.



AN ATHLETE,
From the Statue in the Glyptothek, Munich.

An interesting reason has been suggested—that these Continental countries are now reaping the full benefit of conscription and that the young men of to-day are the sons of the men who were first enrolled and drilled as conscripts when universal military training came in vogue.

If that is so, the sooner we have some form of universal training, the better.

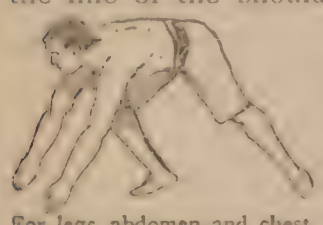
The benefits of drill and camp life to the physique can scarcely be appreciated by anyone who has not experienced them, and no doubt the bringing of our citizen army to something approaching completion will have a widespread effect on the physique of the nation as a whole.

The soldier learns to hold himself properly, he gets plenty of open air life, and above all he learns endurance, which is so essential an element in modern sport.

It is small wonder, therefore, that those nations which have conscription should in the course of a generation or so come to the fore.

A SMART LUNGING EXERCISE.

The starting position for this exercise is at attention with the feet together, but the arms raised horizontally and forced well back behind the line of the shoulders.



For legs, abdomen and chest.

Then lunge smartly forward with the right foot, bringing the body forward at the same time to the position shown in the sketch, and bringing the arms round in front until they touch the ground.

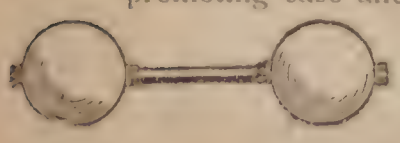
Do not let the head follow the line of the arms and sink towards the ground, but keep it well back, or you will lose much of the benefit of the exercise to the neck and shoulder muscles.

The weight of the body must be thrown well forward on to the right foot, so that the heel of the left leaves the ground.

Remain for a second or two in this position, so that the stomach is pressed down upon the thigh.

Then return to the starting position, opening out the arms as you do so, and repeat the process, advancing the left leg instead of the right.

The exercise is one which will have a great effect in suppling every muscle in the body, and promoting ease and grace of movement.



PUTTING ON FLESH.

I am often asked for methods both of reducing and of putting on flesh, for some people are as hard to please in the matter of their covering of flesh as in their clothes.

If you are too thin, the important thing is good feeding but no fads. Avoid systems of dieting, and "meal in a nutshell" specialities.

The food crank is rarely a very fine specimen of humanity, and if he should happen to be, you may be fairly certain he has not made himself so.

You should eat as much as you have appetite for, and perhaps a little more. Your food must have bulk if you are to attain it.

The old idea that everything you eat above what is absolutely necessary, is not only useless but actually poisonous, has been proved to be absurd.

It is after all the good solid foods for which the Briton is famed, that are the best flesh-formers—roast beef, suet puddings and so on.

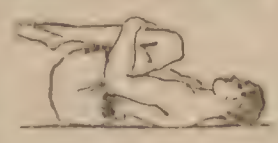
Good food and plenty of it, natural food and not scientific "foods," are the things to be aimed at, coupled with judicious exercise and rest after meals, as an aid to the digestion.

FOR LEGS AND CHEST.

In starting this exercise lie flat upon the floor, with the legs extended and close together.

Then draw the knees up towards the chin, clasping the hands above them in the position shown in the sketch. The knees must be drawn as near as possible to the chin and close to the chest.

Then shoot the legs out again until they lie flat on the ground. At the same time raise the hands, still clasped, and extend the arms, passing them above the face, and stretching them out until the thumbs are resting on the floor beyond the top of the head.



Effective if not graceful.

This latter movement will have the effect of forcing the chest out and opening the lungs, which are contracted when you return to the huddled up position of the sketch.

This is an extremely effective exercise, which it is worth while practising several times in succession, for it will not tire you in the same way as some of the others, while the beneficial effect is considerable.

RESTING.

I have already referred to the necessity for rest in the form of foregoing all exercises on one day in every week, but the value of rest immediately after severe exertion must not be forgotten.

After a hard run or bout with the gloves, or any other form of strenuous exercise, when the heart and lungs are still in an abnormal condition, it is foolish to walk home at once, or to plunge into a cold bath and dress hurriedly, to sit down to a meal, or to indulge in any further form of exertion, however slight, until you have given yourself a rest.

Just reconcile yourself to loafing for a few minutes.

You cannot always work at high pressure, and it is better to allow for the inevitable reaction, instead of waiting for it to force itself upon you in the form of collapse.

And while you are resting, take the precaution of putting on a great coat or wrapping something round you, for there is no time at which you are so liable to take cold.

A GOOD VIGOROUS EXERCISE.

Start at attention, and place the hands at the back of the head, forcing the elbows back as far as possible.

Now lunge forward with the right foot, bending the body forward as in the sketch, but keeping the left leg stiff.

This will develop every muscle in the body.

Do not advance the body much farther than the line of this leg, as this is an exercise in which excess of zeal may lead to strains.

The weight of the body must come forward on to the right leg, of which the muscles will be tensed.

Then recover smartly to the perpendicular, keeping the hands still in the same position, and lunge with the left leg, repeating the process about a dozen times with alternate legs.

The exercise is one which is especially intended to develop the muscles of legs, chest, and abdomen, but its good effects are more or less universal to the whole body.

THE VALUE OF JUMPING.

Jumping is a form of exercise of which the importance is not generally recognised.

It is certainly difficult—at least after a certain age—to maintain one's dignity while jumping solely for exercise, and not in competition with others, but it may be performed in the privacy of one's bedroom with the most beneficial effects.

Jumping, in the opinion of many expert physical culturists, is the finest form of gymnastics for brain-workers, and a little time devoted to it morning and evening will give surprising freshness and energy.

Everyone has not a vaulting-horse or a cross bar for jumping handy, but the exercise may be taken in the form of skipping or you may practise vaulting a fence or a bed.

A walking stick resting on a couple of chairs makes a very efficient cross bar, and the height may be varied by placing books between the chairs and the sticks.

Another useful exercise is to kneel on the edge of your bed and to jump from that position into the air, so as to alight with your feet on the floor.

Again a few standing jumps over a chair give a welcome variety to the morning's exercises, and there is always the pleasing sense of uncertainty as to whether you will clear it or come a cropper.

A REAL LEVER SIMULATION

GOLD WATCH FREE.

In the centre of the diagram fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you FREE, FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Imperial Supply Co. (Dept. 30), 42, Junction Rd., London, N.

Richard Selby: Englishman

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

By ADAM STERN.

VIII. RIGHTING A WRONG.

"Hallo, Dick!" came a cheery greeting. "Goin' to see yer best pal?"

Mark Gem, ex-pugilist, landlord of The Hare and Hounds, breezy, alert, wearing a sporty fawn overcoat and a flat-brimmed bowler hat, stood before Richard.

Despite his sixty years he carried himself with a jauntiness that would have shamed many a younger man, and the vitality in the eyes told that he still retained more than a spice of devil.

So engrossed in his thoughts had Richard been that he would have passed his friend unnoticed had not Mark accosted him.

"The very man I want to see," he said, shaking hands. "Look here, Mark! I'm getting about sick o' seeing you prancing about as if the whole town was yours. I know it keeps you in clover, but it's about time y' did something in return; see?"

"Go it," said Mark happily. "What's wrong? Backed a loser?"

"It'll be a winner before I've done—and you're the boss."

"Well, come an' 'ave a drink," said Mark, who would have said the same to the Recording Angel if he had happened to meet him in the street.

"Damn your drink!" said Richard calmly.

Mark opened his eyes wide.

"O-ho!" he crowed. "Hooray for the teetotal!"

In one word Richard consigned all such extremists to the nethermost oblivion.

"Well, a bloomin' Social Reformer," said Mark, not to be denied.

"You've hit it," agreed Richard. "And you're in it as well as me."

"Eh!" Mark half turned to go, but it was only pretence, and he grinned as an arresting grip fell on his shoulder.

"I find the idea," said Richard, "and you find the cash."

"Me!"

Struth! Mark's astoundment was prodigious. I ain't 'ad a winnin' week for——"

"Wait till you know what it is before you growl," interjected Richard.

"Go ahead, then."

"A boxing club!"

Mark's eyes glistened.

"Ah, that appeals to y'. I guessed it would. The fellows here"—Richard's sweeping gesture embraced Moulden—"want some interest outside themselves. That's only one of a hundred ideas I've got, but a start must be made somewhere. 'Em something to do—and *your* takings will go down alarming!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mark, the landlord, adjusting his cheek. "Of all the darned impudence!"

"Just so. The men at present have only got one idea in their thick skulls—and that's beer. Beer's good, but one ideas are bad. You've the same fault; there's only one idea behind that battered phiz of yours—and that's the winner o' the next big handicap. So instead o' the Bookie pointing by you I'm going to, and through me the town of Moulden; see?"

"I see as y' put it pat," said Mark imperturbable, "but if it worn't for yer youth——"

"And you shall be president and instructor and any other thing that'll help you to show off your tomfool conceit, if you like," continued Richard. "But let's shift things or I'll bust."

He paused and watched Mark, a smile on his lips, but his eyes strangely earnest.

"Well," said Mark slowly. "If we was to sit down quiet-like over a drink——"

"Righto," agreed Richard now that he had got his way, "and I'll tell you how we'll——"

He broke off. Mark's eyes followed his startled gaze.

A buggy, drawn by a horse with flinging hoofs, swept by. In it a girl sat alone, upright and absorbed, handling the reins with manifest skill.

"——set the thing going," concluded Richard almost immediately.

Had she seen him? And did she know him again? And if she did, would she want to recognise him? A hundred questions churned his brain and set his heart and pulses thumping.

"That's Miss Lyons!" said Mark enthusiastically. "Struth! ain't she class; just! Thoroughbred from 'ead to 'eel, she is!"

"O-ah!" said Richard, outwardly unmoved, so he hoped. "From Bagley Court, isn't she? What brings her down here?"

"She's bin comin' a lot lately," said Mark. "Drives in on 'er own an' brings all sorts o' stuff for them as is in low water. No swankin', either. Pals up to 'em like the little lady she is. I know it's right, 'cause I've 'eared it from several. Even the men don't mind it, an' y' know what they thinks o' the church folk wi' their 'igh an' mighty benevolence an' superior air. Ain't yer seen 'er about afore?"

"No," said Richard unblushingly.

Mark went on: "I wonder why she's took a fancy like that all of a sudden. Time was you never saw one o' them Lyons in this blighted spot."

"I wonder," said Richard.

And it was true; he was wondering till his head sang. Again, before the eye of his mind, he saw her as he had seen her that wonderful June morning—clad in slim whiteness, the sun glinting on her wavy brown hair, lips parted, her cheeks aglow, and in her eyes the blaze of proud anger.

By the lord! if she was doing something for Moulden he mustn't lag behind.

With a zest that clean carried Mark away he went on to explain how his scheme could be put into effect.

II.

It was just past one o'clock on the last day of the week some time after.

Richard stood a little to one side of the double doors leading from the works of Hezekiah Guest, chain-maker, Moulden, filling his pipe, and watching the workpeople as they came out.

Some of the men drifted away and were absorbed by the nearest inns or peregrinated leisurely towards similar establishments of their more special liking. Others congregated into little groups outside the gates and seemed loth to part company, as if not knowing what to do now that they had the afternoon free.

Richard stood thoughtful. He had done a little, but there was infinitely more to be achieved.

In direct contrast to the men he noticed that the women workers hurried away at once, singly or in pairs.

He knew that those with homes were anxious to get to them and start their housework, while the unwedded ones, who could be detected by the curling pins screwed tightly into their hair, were impatient to bedeck themselves preparatory to the Saturday night promenade up and down the main street of the town.

But one young woman who emerged presently acted differently from the others.

She stood on the pavement close to Richard, looking about as if in search of someone.

She was large-bodied and large-featured, her eyes big and dark and the mouth showing scarlet despite the dirt on the face.

"Yo' ain't seen Steve, I suppose?" she said to Richard.

"Steve Marshall? Yes; he went off some few minutes ago."

Anger flamed in the girl's countenance.

"The swine!" she muttered.

Richard made no comment. He knew that Steve and this Kate Wall "kept company," and he presumed a lovers' quarrel.

"'E's goin' back on me," said Kate in a low tone. "'E's goin' back on me! D' ye 'ear that, Richard Selby? O, yo' men! By Ch—t, yo' deserve somethin', some on yer!"

Her bosom heaved and her hands were clenched together.

"What's up, Kate?" asked Richard, who had a genuine liking for this strong-tempered girl.

She measured him with a long glance.

"Yo' comin' my way?" she demanded.

"If you like," he replied, guessing that what she had to say could be told better as they walked along and when his eyes were not on hers.

"See 'ere, Richard," she began, and her voice was deep and vibrating. "Yo've known me since I wur a kid, ain't yer? D' yo' think me the sort to go flighty wi' a chap unless I cared for 'im?"

"No," he said without hesitation.

"Then yo' 'ear this." Her hands came up and the right fist pressed slowly into the left palm. "Sure as Steve goes back on me I'll out 'im—if I swing for it!"

Richard gave her a sidelong glance. She was quivering with feeling, and he knew that a word of sympathy would bring an hysterical outburst

"'E's done nothin' but dodge me for the last week," she went on. "I can see 'is game. Now 'e's 'ad all 'e wants 'e thinks to drop me like a dirty rag—me! Me!"

She began to sob, and then controlled it with a bitter laugh and began a storm of wild invective and self-reproach.

"It's always the same," she said. "They'm only fond of yer for a bit—and afterwards——"

"All right, Kate," said Richard quietly. "I know Steve and he's right enough. He's square. Don't you take on about it."

The sense of his helplessness depressed him. This sort of thing was always going on and no one seemed to care.

"Will yo' see 'im?" asked Kate quickly. She saw him hesitate and continued in a burst, turning a piteous face towards him. "Oh, do," she wailed. "Yo'm th' only one as has got influence wi' 'im. 'E's always talkin' about yer; says yo'm sound. Nobody knows but yo' an' 'im an' I can't tell 'em at 'ome. If faythur knew 'e'd 'ave me out o' 'ome, I know 'e would. 'E's down cruel on anythin' like that. An' I was fond o' Steve—and 'im o' me. Yo' should 'ave 'eard 'ow 'e used to talk to me; 'e——"

But Richard cut her short, roughly, because he knew no other way would do.

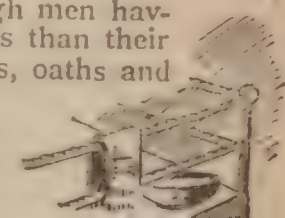
"Now get home and don't be a fool," he said. "I'm seeing Steve at the club to-night. We're giving our first show, you know that. Be outside when it's over, and if I can do something between now and then I will. And stop that crying, you overgrown baby!"

III.

The success of the Moulden Boxing Club had been assured from the start, and to-night Mark Gem was re-living, in spirit, the glorious days when he had held the light-weight championship of the world.

Men thronged into the hall, pushing, talking at the top of their voices. Already the place seemed full and the gangways were choked, but still they poured in.

Disputes arose on all sides through men having serenely appropriated better seats than their tickets entitled them to. Whistlings, oaths and



shoutings shook the air. Men would not sit down, but bawled recognition to distant friends.

In the centre stood the ring, raised some four feet from the ground, the pillars supporting the double line of ropes swathed in red bandages. Sawdust powdered the boards; in opposite corners a chair was placed and buckets and towels were ready.

Mark had seen that everything was as it should be.

There were three competitions down for decision, but we are concerned only with the middleweight, in which Richard and Steve Marshall were engaged.

In the dressing-room things were not so happy as among the audience; at least, between these two.

They were engaged in a wordy warfare which apparently presaged a "needle" contest should they chance to be drawn together, for which consummation Richard was most devoutly wishing.

The cause of the altercation was Kate Wall.

Richard had been careful that he should be overheard by Steve when he averred forcibly that she was the finest girl in Moulden and worth anybody's winning. Steve's very liking for Richard made him additionally jealous.

"Beat me and you can have her," Richard wound up the altercation.

Steve evinced every desire to attempt this there and then, but Mark restrained him, abusing them both in the choicest vocabulary, particularly because he was utterly unable to comprehend Richard's behaviour.

And, as it happened, the gods were kind and they were drawn together in the first round.

Richard had seized on this plan as the only way of quickening Steve's flagging affections. Win or lose he calculated that the desired result would be obtained—and he intended to win if he could. Indeed, if Steve lost fairly and squarely he would be more likely to go in and win in the other direction.

Their arrival in the ring was the signal for an outburst of cheering. Hezekiah Guest, known and trusted as an impartial sportsman, was referee. There were to be the usual three rounds—two of three minutes and the last of four minutes.

Steve, who was not quite free from the inflammation of drink, could hardly wait for the gong.

When it sounded he ignored the preliminary hand-shake, dashed across the ring and was attacking Richard ere he was well on his feet.

This augured well for his anxiety to win Kate, but Richard forgot the prize in the natural instinct to give as much as he received.

Steve had little science, but he was a natural fighter, and the fury of his onslaught bore Richard back. They strained and struggled in a corner, Steve accompanying each blow with a vicious hiss.

Guest's roaring commands for them to break away were unheard, and he ducked under the ropes, parted the men with great difficulty, and stopped the contest.

The house yelled for it to proceed.

After getting a breathless consent from each to observe the rules, Guest stepped aside.

Richard exercised all his skill to keep his embracing opponent at a distance, and he made plenty of use of the ring according to Mark's careful instructions. He could hear his voice now shouting wild advice. The gong ended a melee.

As Richard lay back to be fanned, Mark whispered at top speed that he washed his hands of him for ever unless he gave a better show. He had rather prided himself on this pupil of his, but he felt that Richard was degrading him.

He could not know that Richard was fighting for a woman's future, realising that if Steve were ignominiously defeated he might be ashamed to look her in the face again.

The second round proved as lively as the first, but Richard had taken stock of his man and he held him at bay coolly, scoring with both hands.

The consciousness of impending defeat made Steve wary. Instead of slogging, he boxed, and the points began to level up.

Steve was thick and sturdy, while Richard's body was lithe and slender from waist to heel, and his chest and arms rippled with muscle.

There was no finesse about Steve; pause and rush, head lowered, arms working scythe-like. But wherever the blows landed they bruised, and a less powerful man than Richard would have been mown down.

During the last round the house went quiet, and nothing sounded but the smack of gloves, stamping feet, occasional gasps.

Both were fiercely intent, and all thought of woman had fled from their minds.

Towards the close Richard piled on steam. Steve, not as fit as he might have been, went weak. His hands wandered.

Richard hooked him on the chin and staggered him. Mechanically his right swept for the upper-cut, but at the crucial instant it faltered and landed short.

He did not want to "out" his man.

Mark's deep curse outlasted the gong.

"Selby!" shouted Guest, pointing to him as the winner on points.

Richard found his corner, sat down; then sprang up again and went over to Steve.

Both laughed as they shook hands.

"A near thing," said Richard.

"She's yo'rs, though," said Steve ruefully.

"Doubtful," observed Richard. "As a rule the girl wants something to say in the matter. I expect she's waiting outside. Let's shove a coat on and go and ask her."

They did, and each was satisfied.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Ed.]

THE TERRITORIALS.

FROM A RANK OUTSIDER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The average Territorial can make himself very reasonably like a soldier. A soldier he is in spirit, and he very quickly makes himself like one in actual fact.

The other Saturday afternoon a Territorial Battalion marched past me in London, and I looked at them with the seeing eyes of a thoroughly sympathetic critic.

Taking them all and all, the men were, in my opinion, of rather finer physique than the average regular soldier. Many of them had had their hair cut very short after the military fashion, and most were either clean-shaven, or sported only close cropped moustaches. Their appearance all over was as smart as could have been wished for.

It was amongst the officers that I could find the only fault. One or two of them had a martial mien; but the majority were, if I may say it without offence, just a little bit ridiculous. There was one captain with a very short but extremely curved nose and a very pinky white face, who bore himself as if he had swallowed a poker, and who marched as if he were jumping on springs. He was wearing his cap in a most uneasy manner, and had not the crowd been possessed with praiseworthy and patriotic sentiments, I feel sure that this particular captain would have drawn a good deal of laughter and some pointed remarks from them.

The appearance of the average Territorial officer is distinctly inferior to that of the men under his command, and I think that a good deal of his awkwardness is due to the fact that he marches beyond the line of his company, and is therefore more under the eyes of the spectators than they are.

Thus he carries himself with too much self-consciousness.

He is spending his time and money in his country's service, let him be a credit to it and to himself. Let the Territorial officer banish self-consciousness altogether. Let him carry himself like a soldier, but like a trained and graceful soldier, not like an automaton. If he will do this, the appearance of the battalion as a whole will in most cases be much improved.

Andrew Denston.

IN HIDING.

HOW SOME CRIMINALS ESCAPE.

"Twice I have been badly let down by the accident-monger," said a detective to the writer. "The first time I was searching for an absconding cashier named Smith. We had his portrait and description circulated, but we could not lay hands on him.

"Months afterwards we discovered that he had come home to his lodgings one night with the story that he had sprained his ankle stepping off a motor-'bus. This enabled him to stop inside his room for months, without arousing the faintest suspicion on the part of the landlady.

"I may say that many a time we have been greatly helped by a suspicious landlady. These women are very fond of reading the criminal news in the Sunday papers, where they find a portrait of the man wanted, and it seems the most natural thing in the world to them that he should be their lodger. Smith's landlady, however, never suspected him.

"A bolder man was Dixon, the coiner. He completely baffled us by intentionally getting his legs run over by a hansom. He was taken to a hospital, where he gave a false name, and he lay there for weeks. Of course, that was the last place in the whole district we didn't search, but we got them both in the end."

A more innocent example of the sensational accident came within the writer's knowledge. A young man, whose name we shall suppress, was devoted to a charming girl, but she would not listen to him. On the principle that pity is somehow akin to love, he planned to get himself hurt a little on the Rugby field. He was particularly careless in his play, and got rather more than he bargained for, a broken collar-bone.

But it panned out all right. The young lady nursed him till he was better, and they are married now.

A. Smith.

To enjoy a clean, comfortable shave, get either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes), or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are the finest creams for the purpose, and the latter gives a beautiful lather on the face. If you prefer a powder, use OATINE SOAPS for shaving the old way.

To follow the shave there is nothing like OATINE CREAM.

applied immediately after shaving, and should be rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the face overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

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MEN I HAVE DROPPED.

Parting is such sweet sorrow.—Romeo and Juliet.

My friends are not very many but they are real; I used to have a lot of half-and-half [illegible] but I am better with only a few of the [illegible] kind; I weeded out the others.

The first to go was Benson. He had a nasty [illegible] of exercising his wit at the expense of his friends, and many a time he made me feel very [illegible]; I have even known him say sarcastic [illegible] in a restaurant loud enough for the people at the next table to hear, because he liked an audience, and I, being the butt of his jest, could scarcely be a very appreciative one.

I weighed his friendship up, decided that he gave me more pain than pleasure, and quietly dropped him.

I didn't have a row with him, but just avoided him, and always had another appointment when he suggested lunching together.

The second to go was Taylor. I was rather sorry to lose him because he was a good chap at [illegible], but his character was poisoned by [illegible]. At one time we were equally badly [illegible], but gradually I forged ahead while he remained about the same.

He never forgave me for that. With improved [illegible] I made a point of not letting him think I had forgotten him and I kept up the old acquaintanceship; but he would say unkind things in the effort to convince himself that I was not really better off than he was.

I stood this for a long time, but gradually I saw that Taylor's friendship was a hardship, so I ceased to make appointments with him.

Hatto went "through no fault of his own," as applicants for a job say when speaking of their departure from their last place.

He had the slowest style of speaking of any man I have ever met, and I think he also had a very slow-working type of mind.

He was not afflicted with a stutter, but with a fearful drawl that made you feel you'd like to help him out with what he meant to say. I have no qualms of conscience about turning him down, because I never cared for him; it was he who sought me out. My patience, however, was not equal to maintaining his friendship, and when we met the duration of our interviews became shorter and shorter till now we just nod as we pass.

Fitzgerald, bearer of an aristocratic name and possessor of the vilest of Cockney accents, was another who had to go. He was a clerk with an ordinary screw, but he kept cramming down our throats the assertion that he was the son of a baronet, whose name, however, we could never find in the usual reference books. In time I got tired of examining the sham coat of arms which he had got engraved on his cigarette case, and weary of listening to the recitation of his supposed pedigree and accounts of his alleged noble relatives.

So I dropped him.

The worst of the batch was Watson. His father keeps a small grocer's shop in a Yorkshire town, but, apparently foreseeing his son's tendencies, he had christened his offspring with the name of Augustus. Gussie, which we called him, suited him down to the ground.

He was a born bounder.

He used to spend an occasional week-end at Oxford and then refer to the men he had "met" there. He wanted us to believe he was a 'Varsity man, but a very few questions showed us he wasn't.

The last time I saw Gussie was in a tea-shop. He was telling 'Varsity with a man whom he apparently wanted to impress. It was some time since I had seen him and I went over and shook hands. We chatted in a friendly way and I endured the imitation 'Varsity manner till he asked in the most patronising style how much I was now earning. I asked in return what was his adjective business; his friend laughed; Gussie burned his throat gulping some boiling tea; and I think I may now safely reckon his not very desirable acquaintanceship as at an end.

E. Clisby Hunt.

MAKING A GARDEN ATTRACTIVE

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WEEK'S WORK.

The dominant feature of the garden to-day is its irregularity. Where borders are constructed it is the effort of the gardener to have something growing over the edges so that we do not find any hard and insistent lines to interfere with the pleasure of the eye.

You may regard this simply as a phase of gardening fashion. I am disposed to think that it is something better than that, that it is an improvement which is going to stay, that we have, in short, been educated up to a higher artistic standard in the matter of horticulture.

Be this as it may, the change is certainly to the advantage of the amateur gardener, for it simplifies his task. He does not now require to plan how he may have so many boxfuls of golden feather, so many dozens of red geranium. He takes what the gods have been good enough to send him in the way of seedlings, and he uses them according to his discretion, his one consideration being the beauty of the general effect.

The seeds which you planted in the first week of April, and some of those which you added during the Easter holidays, are now beginning to come up. Consult your gardening book and you will find a definite instruction that you are to thin out the seedlings till they are so many inches apart. To do so is wasteful. Thin them out by all means, but do not destroy the thinnings. Lift them with a trowel to some vacant patch where they may be useful.

There are many annuals which are supposed to be unliftable—mignonette is one of the number. Delicate seedlings are certainly damaged by being pulled up and transplanted roughly, but if you lift them with a trowel carefully, taking care that the roots are not severed and that the earth in which you plant them is sufficiently moist, they will not come to harm through the change.

Thin out your annuals in the way suggested and plant the extras wherever there is a vacant space in your herbacious border or in your shrubbery. You want your garden to be a blaze of colour, and the way to attain this ideal is to dump as many different sorts of plants as you can get into every conceivable corner.

Have a clump of nasturtiums here—and nasturtium plants will constantly present themselves if you had nasturtiums in your garden last year; there plant the old geranium root which was discarded from the house during the winter—it will come up wonderfully when transferred from the pot to mother earth; here place a few annual chrysanthemums thinned out from your border.

But above all the garden should be made a pleasant place to lounge in. Have the lawn smooth and finely turfed, so that on a Sunday afternoon you can lie upon it in comfort. See to it that your garden seat is firm, clean and inviting.

Remember, in short, that your garden is not a spectacle merely, but something that ought to provide you with many joyful hours of repose and relaxation.

R. Smith-Powles.

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Keeping Fowls

AN INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE HOBBY FOR THE MAN WITH A BIT OF GROUND.

"First catch your fowl" is a good motto for the would-be fowl-keeper, but it is not much use laying in your stock until you have provided a suitable house and run for them.

Fowl-houses are now supplied at such moderate prices that perhaps the simplest plan is to buy one ready-made.

However, if you prefer to make your own, it can easily be done, assuming that you have some ability as a carpenter, out of a few old orange boxes or bacon cases.

The size of your house naturally depends on the number of fowls you are going to keep, but the following will serve as a rough guide to dimensions: a house for eight fowls should be not less than 4 feet wide, 5 feet long, and 5 feet high.

IMPORTANCE OF AIR.

See that it is well-ventilated, or your fowls will suffer. Effective ventilation can be provided by cutting a hole near the top, about four inches square, and covering it with perforated zinc.

Perches should be removable, for cleaning purposes, and placed not more than three feet above the ground.

If possible, put in a window. For nests old sugar boxes turned on one side will do very well, and three nest boxes for six hens is a fair allowance. In these put well broken straw, nailing a piece of wood across the bottom to keep it in, and an artificial nest egg.

A dry floor is essential. If the soil is naturally damp, dig it up and replace with brick rubbish, ramming it tight, and afterwards covering with dry earth.

The run should be enclosed with wire-netting and roofed in. A run 10 ft. by 6 ft. will do for half-a-dozen fowls, and the floor should be covered with coal ashes, dryness again being important.

Now as to stock, there is a wide field to choose from, and it is impossible to recommend more than a few of many excellent breeds, but whatever the variety, be careful to buy only young and healthy birds.

TELLING A BIRD'S AGE.

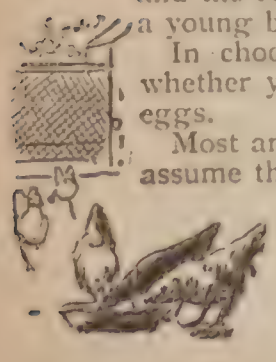
A counsel of perfection, you may say, for it is difficult, once a pullet is full-grown, to tell its exact age, and how are you, a beginner, to succeed where even experienced fowl-keepers are sometimes deceived?

However, in an old hen the eye is sunken, the comb and wattles dry and scurfy, the legs rough and horny, and the nail of the last claw much worn. Look for soft comb and wattles, smooth legs and a general appearance of activity, and you cannot go far wrong.

The cock bird betrays his age by his spurs and legs; the longer his years the longer his spurs, and the rougher and coarser his legs, which in a young bird are smooth.

In choosing your fowls, much depends on whether you are aiming mainly at chickens or eggs.

Most amateurs go in for the latter, and I will assume that you are after eggs.



Here again, however, another question arises; do you want white eggs or brown eggs? If the former you want non-sitting fowls, and Minorcas, Leghorns, Houdans and Andalusians are strongly to be recommended as good layers and birds that stand confinement well.

For coloured eggs there is perhaps nothing to beat the White Wyandotte. A cross between the Minorca and Black Orpington, however, is also a very good layer.

October is a good month to start poultry-keeping, as stock is then to be picked up cheap, but of course you won't get many eggs through the winter, and if you want eggs and plenty of them at once, you should make a start now.

The fowls should keep on laying until well into autumn, when you sell them for what they will fetch, laying in a fresh stock in the following March. This is a profitable plan if you are lucky in buying and selling, as you are saved the expense of keeping the birds when their eggs are few.

Proper feeding is all-important, and the food given varies greatly according to whether you are keeping fowls for eggs, table, or exhibition.

EGG PRODUCTION.

Your aim, however, has been assumed to be eggs, and as an incentive to laying there is nothing like meat.

It should be given in the form of cut green-bone, or the meat supplied by various poultry-food makers.

Cut green-bone is really splendid, costs about a shilling for 7 lbs., and an ounce a bird every other day is a proper allowance.

In addition, the birds should have a breakfast of soft food three times a week in warm weather, every morning in autumn and winter.

This breakfast should consist of bran and pea-meal with an equal quantity of a paste of "middlings" added, or of equal parts of middlings and ground oats.

"Middlings," it may be explained, is a coarse flour made from wheat, and is also known in various localities as sharps, thirds, toppings, and parings.

In the evening before the birds roost, a meal of grain should be given—wheat, white oats, or occasionally crushed maize.

PLENTY OF GREEN FOOD.

Green stuff—cut grass, cabbage or lettuce leaves—should be given at least three times a week. Potato peelings and table scraps are useful.

Plenty of clean, fresh water is absolutely essential.

As has been said, meat is a fine incentive to laying, but in obstinate cases any of the advertised poultry spices will probably produce the desired effect.

The first meal should be given as soon after daylight as possible, and all meals regularly.

If for any reason a bird misses one meal, on no account give him a double allowance next time.

Cleanliness, regularity and common-sense are the secrets of successful fowl-keeping.

SAMUEL HODGSON.

NURSING A DOG.

Most dog fanciers at one time or another find difficulty in getting the dog to take food during acute sickness such as distemper. Here is a little tip which circumvents the difficulty, and in most cases enables you to maintain the dog's health till he is cured of the malady from which he is suffering.

Take one of the much advertised beef extracts—any one will do—and put a little on the roof of his mouth.

As you have doubtless observed, these extracts are intensely salt in their undiluted state, and when the dog starts licking the stuff you have put in his mouth, as he must do, he naturally consumes a large amount of salt; this creates a thirst and consequently gives him an appetite for liquid nourishment.

You will find that in a few minutes after [illegible] have put the meat extract in his mouth he will lap a saucer of warm milk if you offer it to him. From this milk he obtains much of the nourishment required, and he has also had the benefit of the meat extract, for though it was not served to him in its most palatable form, it was nevertheless swallowed.

In this way you may nurse a dog through a serious illness and, by maintaining his strength when he shows no inclination whatsoever either to eat or drink, you may manage to bring him successfully round the corner.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"Good morning, Smith," said Jones, "that's a beautiful dog you've got with you, quite a change from that funny looking dog I saw you with about a month ago." "Ah!" replied Smith, "I see you make a mistake. It is the same dog, the only difference is he has had a change of diet. I have given up feeding him in the old way and tried Maltine Dog Cakes. From the poor, miserable object you knew he has developed into the fine animal you see. This I attribute entirely to feeding him on these wonderful Cakes. He won't eat anything else now. They keep him in perfect health, free from worms, and as you see, his coat is glossy and clean. Why don't you try them for your dog? You can get them from the Maltine Co., Ltd., 1, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.—Advt.

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Football Touts

THEIR BUSY SEASON IS NOW COMMENCING.

Between May 1st and August 1st the manager of a football team is free to approach any player who has not yet signed on with his old club, and who is willing to make a change; and during that period most of the personnel of the various clubs for the coming season is settled.

In these days of foul play, however, the officials of a club will often find themselves with several men on the sick list at the same time, and amongst them perhaps one of their best players. If the club is to maintain its popularity, it is necessary that the vacant places shall at once be filled up, and what is more, filled with good players.

ON THE WATCH FOR TALENT.

Hence the manager of a club despatches an emissary to spy on the teams of other clubs and endeavour to induce a good player to transfer his allegiance to themselves.

Such a course is forbidden by the laws of the Football Association, but, like half the other rules made by that organisation, this one is broken whenever occasion occurs.

The club which is endeavouring to tamper with a player, however, has to reckon with the supporters of his club as well as with the football authorities. Naturally the supporters of the club resent having one of their best men taken from them, and their treatment of any person whom they may find endeavouring to do so is apt to be unpleasant.

Very often, however, the agent is paid out by means of an ingenious hoax.

The following anecdote concerning football touting is absolutely authentic, but for obvious reasons I am obliged to suppress the names of the clubs concerned.

A Yorkshire club last year found one of its best men unexpectedly thrown out of action. He was one of their most dashing forwards, and without him there could be little question but that the team would lose much of its public favour, and that the gate money would consequently diminish.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

So they despatched an agent to a certain town in Lanarkshire which they knew possessed a forward of uncommon brilliance. The agent was an absolute stranger to the town, and he had, moreover, to work very circumspectly, for if his mission became known to the wrong people, he would run the risk of personal violence.

He would have liked to see the forward in actual play, but it was not possible for him to wait over the Saturday, for the transfer if it were to come off at all must be made as quickly as possible.

He had never seen this particular player, but that mattered little, for his reputation was established.

He found it extremely difficult to discover the private address of the forward, and he was at last induced to take into his confidence the proprietor of the hotel in which he had established himself.

"My dear sir," said the worthy innkeeper, "it would be as much as your life would be worth for you to go amongst those collier chaps on such an errand. It would be much better for you to give me the papers and let me get Tom Smith to sign them."

To these suggestions the agent agreed, and that very night the hotel keeper produced the papers duly signed with the name of Tom Smith and witnessed by two other citizens.

BADLY SOLD!

A few days later the agent, now back in his own town, went with the secretary to meet the train by which Smith had arranged to travel. The secretary knew Smith well by sight, but he could not see anyone who answered his description. When all the other passengers had left the platform, an old man, bent with age and largely dependent on a stick, approached the waiting officials, and asked if they could direct him to the headquarters of the football club. Before doing so they demanded what he wanted there.

"They've engaged me," he said, "to play for them. I got the £10 bonus and I've been promised £208 a year. To tell you the truth, gentlemen, I haven't played football for the last seventy years, but it was my old friend the innkeeper who got me the job. I do not know how I like the work, but the money will be very useful, seeing that I was out of employment, and was never likely to get any, what with my rheumatics and asthma."

The faces of the agent and the secretary fell, as they learned how they had been sold, but, realising that the old man had probably no part in the joke, they paid his return fare, gave him a sovereign, and dispatched him back to his native town.

J. GILROY.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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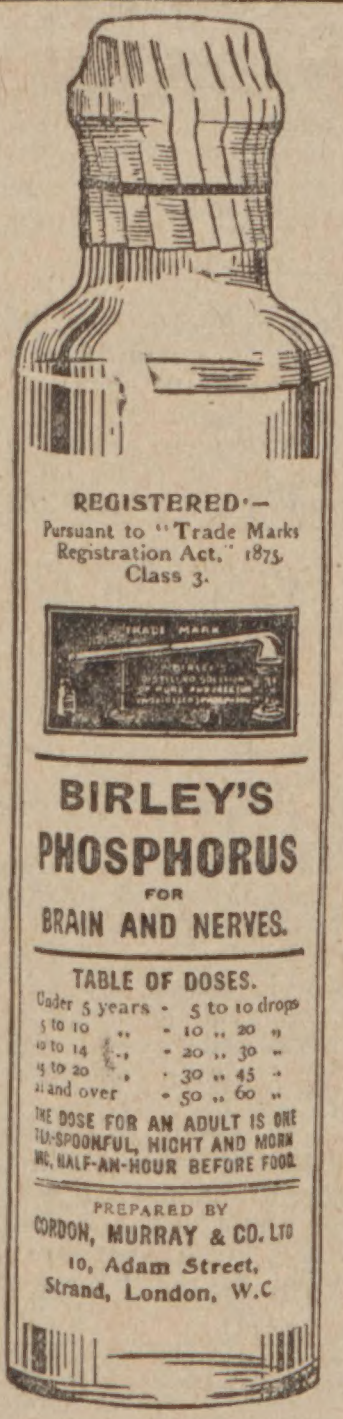
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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE DAILY NECESSITY.

A man may economise in various parts of his outfit, but he is most unwise if he does it on either of two things—his collars or his handkerchiefs.

Every day one needs a clean collar, and if you are dressing for dinner in the evening or for a theatre you naturally want a second one. The next morning you may observe not a speck upon the collar that was worn yesterday, not the faintest mark from the rubbing of your jacket, not the slightest trace of wear; but still that collar has lost its freshness, and you will not look your best in it.

There is another reason, apart altogether from appearances, why you should not wear a collar more than once. It is that after a day's wear the inside of a collar becomes sticky. You need not have been actually sweating for it to do this, but perspiration of a milder sort is continually being exuded by the skin, and at the end of the day the inside of the collar is sticky and greasy.

A pair of white cuffs is another article of attire that must be changed every day, at least for city wear, so that it is best to steer clear of them, and eschew the white shirt—which at best is humdrum and shows a lack of originality—altogether, except in the evening, or with a frock coat.

Even if one has not a cold, it is essential to revive oneself with a clean handkerchief each morning. I have known men who were hard up, and who made their washing bill one of the points on which they saved a bit, but they were not wise in doing so.

It is the little things in a man's clothes that make all the difference to his appearance, and if you must save, do it on something other than your linen.

THIN SUITS.

Nothing better sets off a muscular man than a suit of thin cloth. I am not speaking of flannels, they are made so loose that they cannot be said to set off any figure—in fact it takes a pretty good figure not to look more or less unlovely in a suit of flannels. I am referring to ordinary tweed suits made of a very thin material.

In such a suit a man's muscles show up to their fullest advantage. You see every line of his shoulders, and you can even distinguish when he turns the curve of the biceps in his forearm.

My sporting readers who are justly proud of their development, and who are not averse from exhibiting it, would do well to give their tailor instructions the next time they have a suit made, to let it be of a thin cloth.

On the other hand, men who are not muscular—and the majority have no muscle to spare—will be wise to restrict themselves to suits of heavy or medium weight.

A thin suit on a man who is lacking in physical development seems to exhibit all the corners of him. I have seen men dressed in such suits who looked like a hat rack with a table cover thrown over it.

Apart from the general scarcity of muscle, there is another reason why the average man should be chary of wearing a thin suit. It takes a very good tailor to cut a suit of this description to the fullest advantage, but a very average tailor can make you a decent rig-out if the cloth is ordinarily thick.

SILVER-MOUNTED STICKS.

You do not often see a walking stick nowadays without a silver mount of some sort. Once upon a time such ornamentation was considered a sign either of dandyism or extravagance, but this is an objection which cannot now be urged. Silver is so cheap, and these ornaments are so thin, that their actual cost is not, in most cases, more than 6d. or so.

If you are a townsman, and are in the habit of wearing gloves, it is worth while, in buying your stick, to see that the mount does not come too near the handle. A silver band, however clean it may look, will blacken the first finger of your glove by contact. If you see that the mount does not reach to within a couple of inches of the handle this will not occur, and your gloves will remain presentable longer.

If you go in for those sticks that have a straight handle with a silver-mounted end to it, you must make up your mind from the first to sacrifice the cleanliness of the palm of your glove.

THE PRICE OF A BOWLER.

The "pot-hat," or bowler, or whatever you call it, is an article of attire which neither sounds nor looks beautiful.

But until we have a very radical change in the general fashion, we must have a bowler of some sort. And it is worth while when purchasing it, to pay a good price for it.

A cheap bowler has many disadvantages. It is liable to lose its shape, and becomes soft after a very little exposure to the air.

The binding round the brim, and the band almost invariably work out of place, and the stitching round the edge becomes unpleasantly apparent, and most unsightly.

Moreover, the colour of the felt on a cheap hat will always give its price away. After a little wear it takes on a greenish hue which gives the appearance of vast age.

The well-made bowler, on the other hand, has a glossy blackness and a silky nap which has all the smartness of the "topper."

It is better economy to pay 8s. 6d. for a good bowler than 4s. 6d. each for two which will last you no longer.

If you can afford to pay 16s. or so for your bowler in the first instance you will have no cause to regret it, for a good hatter can renovate it again and again, so that it leaves his hands as good as new.

A good hat of this sort is so hard and firm that you can sit on it—as most men do to their hats at some time or other—without so much as making a dent.

BRAID TIES.

For those who like something a little out of the common in the way of neckwear I can recommend the braid tie.

All you want is a length of "military braid," as I believe it is called, about a yard or a yard and a-quarter being all that is required.

This can be obtained from any draper in a variety of colours, though it looks smartest in plain black. Most drapers keep it in three or four different widths, at prices varying from about fourpence to sevenpence a yard.

The texture of the braid gives the impression that the tie is knitted of some silky material.

A tie of this kind will cost you less than half what you would pay for a good tie of the ordinary sort, and you will get a far better shaped knot.

Of course the tie will not be shaped at the back, so that if you use the very broad braid, you will need to double it inside the collar—for this type of tie is only suitable for double collars, of either the stiff or soft variety.

The braid tie has the advantages of being at once cheap and smart, while the ordinary cheap tie fails miserably in the latter respect, and moreover, it is practically indestructible, and does not crease or tear, and you will not see many others wearing the same.

PATENT LEATHER.

I should like to caution my readers against the purchase of boots made wholly or partly of patent leather. Unquestionably this particular leather looks smart and has the merit of appearing more or less clean, even after the boots have been worn for a day in dusty streets; but it is heating to the feet, and I know of many who trace the advent of corns to the wearing of boots or shoes of patent leather.

If you are possessed of footwear of this material and find that it heats your feet unduly, you will be wise to discard it at once. Never mind the apparent loss—to save yourself from corns is worth many pounds.

And in any case never wear thin socks with patent leathers.

BUTTONS OR LACES?

When buying a new pair of riding breeches I am always faced with the knotty problem of deciding on the best knee fastening.

After numerous experiments with both, I have come to the conclusion that buttons are in the end the most satisfactory.

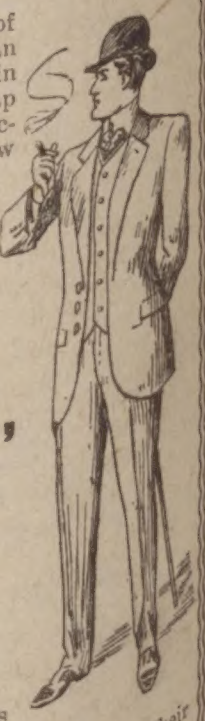
Laces certainly look smart, and do not leave the fit at the knees so much to the tailor. But the knot, even if one adopts the useful wheeze of lacing upwards from the calf, is bound to come underneath the legging, and is therefore liable to gall the leg.

Buttons have to some extent the same disadvantage, but they are not so bulky as the neatest knot is bound to be.

Also, if you have buttons in the front of the breeches, you can fasten your legging to them, and you have more than one to choose from. The single button at the back is almost invariably in the wrong place, and even if you have taken the precaution to have it set right, it is pretty certain to be wrenched off if it has no aid in front.

A plan that has none of the disadvantages of either buttons or laces, but lacks their smartness, is to have your breeches made on the "pantaloon" principle, without any buttons at all, or with only one or perhaps two at the bottom, below the calf, where the leggings do not fit closely, and are therefore not so liable to cause any inconvenience.

Distinctive Tailoring



not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

BY

J. & H. ELLIS,

Of 201, Strand, London,

And 20, Farringdon St., E.C.,

TO THEIR

Harris Tweed Suits, from 45/-

Dress Suits, from 70/-

AND

"Aquasoko" Overcoats, from 42/-

proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

Commands Your Patronage.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d. to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Leggings.—Black Box Calf; 13 in. calf. Only 5s.; cost 18s. 6d.—Pettifor, The Hill, Blisworth, North Hants.

Gentleman's Blue Serge Suit, and two light Fancy Waistcoats; 28s the lot; approval willingly.—Box 212, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Man's Overcoat.—Nice cut; good condition; £1.—Box 215, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Gentleman's Evening Dress Suit.—Cost £6, sell £2 10s.; no dealers.—Box 217, The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Morning Coat and Vest.—Almost new; misfit; 5 ft. 10 in., chest 39 ins.; dark grey; fine quality; 3 fancy vests; 30s.; approval.—B 213, Deacon's, Leadenhall Street, London.

Collars.—Fifteen, 16½ in.; low double; best quality; too small; some unworn; 5s.—B 213, Deacon's, Leadenhall Street, London.

Splendid Fancy Summer Waistcoats.—6s. each; various patterns; special value for money; send P.O. for 6s., and 4d. for carriage, stating size; money returned if not satisfied.—Box 193, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair Signet Boots.—Size 7½; hardly soiled; cost 12s. 6d., sell 7s. 6d.; a bargain.—Box 194, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Morning Coat and Vest for sale, and pair dark Cashmere Trousers; suit short stout man; scarcely worn; sell 30s.—Box 222, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Tourist Suit.—Light Scotch tweed; very good condition; 21s.—Box 223, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good pair of Riding Breeches, and brown leather Leggings; must be cheap.—Box 218, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Smart Tweed Walking Suit. Height 5ft. 10in.; chest 39in. Approval, deposit.—Box 219, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Cycling Jacket and Waistcoat.—Grey tweed; 9s. Rubber Mackintosh Overcoat; 17s.; both medium size; latest fashion.—4, Furlong Road, Highbury, London.

SPORTING APPLIANCES.

New Police Service Colt's Revolver.—Hardly used; nickel plated; 50 cartridges; 25s.—Box 189, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Racing Martingale.—Leather; silver-plated furniture; Gilbert pattern; 5s. 6d.—Box 188, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Disc Bar-Bell.—168lbs.; short rods; full instructions and weight-lifting course; 25s., or highest offer; must go.—Box 187, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

For sale.—Pair Chamois Leather Boxing Gloves, 5s.; also Punching Ball, in excellent condition, 10s.; both sent carriage paid.—Box 196, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Four Tennis Racquets.—What offers?—Box 197, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells.—Practically new; sell 7s. 6d., including book of exercises.—Box 198, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Prismatic Binocular.—Very powerful; case complete; 72s. 6d.; Bargain.—Prismatic, c/o Abbott, East-cheap, London.

Punching Ball.—Nearly new, with all necessary fittings and pair of Gloves to use with same; sell 12s. cash; cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 226, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Grip Dumb-bells (Sandow's), used once; take first reasonable offer.—Write Box 227, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Double-run Riding Bridle, complete, including Heavy Solid Nickel Bits; cost 30s.; sell 12s. 6d.; nearly new.—Box 224, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

For sale.—One pair Sandow Dumb-bells; also Sandow Developer; almost new.—Best offers to Box 225, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Mahogany Punt for sale.—Strong and serviceable; complete with cushions, boat-hook, poles, etc.; £10.—Box 161, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Punching Ball; must be cheap for cash and in good condition.—Particulars to Box 199, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

DOGS AND HORSES.

Two Fox Terrier Puppies for sale.—9 weeks old; nicely marked; 10s. each.—T. E Hampson, Donington Park, Derby.

Bay Gelding.— 16 hands; thoroughly sound; good worker; trial arranged willingly; dealers save stamps.—Box 201, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Collie for sale.—Sable and white; clean, affectionate, and good tempered; excellent house dog.—Offers to Box 202, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bay Cob.—5 years; 15 hands; faultless; sell £10 10s., or consider part exchange.—Box 203, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Fox Terrier.—well marked; good pedigree; a beggar for rats; seen by appointment.—Box 204, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Well-bred Black-and-tan Terrier.—Excellent house dog, well-mannered; age 4 years; will exchange for bull pup.—Box 144, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

HOBBIES.

"Seneca Uno" (5in. by 4in.) Folding Hand or Stand Camera.—3 double dark slides; bargain, 25s.—E. J. Lloyd, Weight Road, Chelmsford.

Billiard Table—Stevens'; slate bed, mahogany frame and legs; excellent condition; all accessories; £5 10s.; room wanted.—B 213, Deacon's, Leadenhall Street, London.

Football Club disbanding.—What offers for Nets, Goalposts, Touch-flags, Marking Machine, 3 Balls (Scot), and small Portable Shed?—Box 208, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Will exchange Swift Cycle, roadster pattern, bought last year, for first-class whole plate stand camera.—Box 206, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Minerva Motor Cycle.—3½ h.p.; splendid running; trial arranged willingly; price £15.—Box, 170, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Cycle Shed wanted.—Portable, to hold two or three machines; state lowest price (delivered to Streatham), giving full particulars.—Box 229, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Motor Bike; good make, cheap.—Box 205, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Microscope, slides, and full accessories for making slides; no rubbish.—Box 207, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Thorougly good folding Hand Camera, by Adams, Watson, or other first-class maker; Goerz, Zeiss, or Ross lens preferred; cannot give fancy price.—Box 209, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted to Hire for coming season.—Punt and Dinghy; fully equipped, in sound condition.—State lowest price to Box 210, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

BOOKS.

"The Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser."—Six volumes; cost 50s.; sacrifice 25s.—A. G. Payne, 28, St. James Street, Weston-super-Mare.

For Sale.—Harmsworth Encyclopædia; complete in 40 parts; unbound; in excellent condition; 18s. 6d. cash; carriage paid.—Box 200, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Beautifully calf-bound, gilt-edge Volume on Piscatorial Life.—Illustrated with finely-coloured engravings; in perfect condition; cost 5 guineas; sell £2 cash. Box 155, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

"DIGS."

A Lady in well-appointed Country house offers Board-Residence to two gentlemen or married couple for Whitsuntide holidays; young society; use of good horse and Ralli Car; near Fritton Lake for fishing and boating; terms moderate.—Box 186, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Young Bachelor occupying Flat in Chelsea wishes another to join; estimated inclusive cost, 20s. per week.—Box 192, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand London.

London, N.—Comfortably Furnished Bedroom, with use of Sitting-room; convenient for City and West-End; moderate terms; board optional.—Write for full particulars to Box 136, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth.—Apartments or Board-Residence; near sea and station; write for terms.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

TRADE.

Sovereign Purses.—To hold twenty sovereigns; best value on the market; fit waistcoat pocket; 2s. each, post free.—Box 190, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Shorthand in Four Lessons.—Introductory lesson, 1s.; complete postal course, 4s. 6d.—Coombe, The Arcade, Aberystwyth.

Athletics.—To those wishing for a reliable Embrocation, guaranteed to remove stiffness and bruises; Recipe, P.O. 6d.; as used by our greatest athletes.—Apply S. Jarvis, Gwaenbant, Pontycymmer, Bridgend, South Wales.

Patent Tie Tidy.—The latest acquisition to the gentleman's dressing table; a useful and ornamental machine to press your tie; 5s. 3d., post free; trade supplied.—F. Fisher, Wellington Terrace, Belper.

Every Modern Man should possess a Fountain Pen.—May be obtained in fine, medium, or broad nibs; 14 ct. gold, iridium pointed; price 3s. 6d. post paid. Special terms for quantities.—Box 145, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand is learned in twelve easy lessons, and saves a year's study; highest speed; illustrated handbook FREE.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Singing.—Practising made pleasant and interesting; low terms.—Baritone, Box 191, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Commodious Tan Cowhide Kit Bag.—Scarcely used; cost 60s., accept 30s.—R. Swidenbank, Market Place, Kendal.

Bargain.—Exchange Electric Medical Battery, complete with attachments and directions, cost £2 13s 6d., good as new, for good six-chamber revolver, or cash.—Box 195, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Solid Silver Chain.—Very neat design, with gold locket in middle; cost a guinea, sell 10s. 6d.—Box 228, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Boxing.—Jujitsu taught scientifically, by post and privately; cheaply.—Moldon (Instructor Volunteers, etc.), 81, High Road, Chiswick, London. Boxing Gloves, 7s. 6d., Punching Balls, 8s. 6d., etc.

Spanish Mahogany Sideboard.—Splendidly carved; length 6ft.; has three drawers and cellaret; will exchange for piano.—Box 179, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand London.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip C. Hooker M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

F. Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

"Rita"

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

F. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M. *The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co*